# ST. NICHOLAS.

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# CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

By Tudor Jenks.

PLUMP little puppies of high degree, sound asleep in the morning sun,
Dreaming away as cosily as if o'er-wearied by work well done,
Toothless bitings and tiny growls, toddling walks of a yard at a time
Tire them out till they sleep like owls,—what have they done to deserve a rhyme?
Here may be valor and patience, too. Who can tell as they lie asleep?
Doughty deeds they may some day do — faithful vigils they yet may keep.

Perhaps they 've quarreled and will not speak — till they 've forgotten the cause of strife. Pompey's ear may have had a tweak he 'll "not forgive in all his life!"

But when they wake, no doubt you 'll find they 'll play as lovingly as before;
"Out of sight is out of mind," till they 've had a tiff once more.

Snug little velvet coats, doze away, undisturbed by hopes or fears,
You have only to romp and play — not for you are the long school-years!

Geography is not so hard — when it means the place for a bone or two, The shadiest corner of the yard, or the broken slat where you scramble through. Reading,— the smile on your master's face, the language of pats and kindly praise. Spelling,— the words that mean disgrace, or the mild reproof of his warning gaze. Arithmetic,— of sugar lumps; Vocal Music, in whines and barks; Dancing Lessons in runs and jumps, or breathless scampers in sunny parks.

Your course of study is short and clear. The heartier praise is therefore due
That in the space of a single year you learn full faith and devotion true.

"Brag is good, but Holdfast better." Which you may be, 't is hard to tell.
Watchdog, pointer, hound, or setter, learn your work and do it well!
Sleep well, Cæsar! Pompey, slumber! Through your minds may visions pass
Of "blue ribbons" without number, countless medals, all first class!

# THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XVII.

TOBY'S SECRET.

TOBY TRAFFORD had but few secrets that his mother and Mildred did not share. And he had now a burning one, of which impulse and habit alike made him long to unburden himself in their sympathizing presence. But would it be wise to tell them at once of his finding the bank-note, and consult them with regard to the use he proposed to make of it?

Of course he would tell them when the whole thing was settled, but in the mean time the secret might be an unpleasant one for them to keep. His mother was scrupulously sensitive as to all moral obligations; it would be sure to prove a source of trouble to her, and she might not approve of his conduct. Perhaps this last was, after all, the main consideration that caused him to hold in reserve the most important incident, in giving an account at the supper-table of the day's doings.

He went so far as to repeat the conversation between Tom and Mr. Tazwell which he had overheard, and to call out an opinion from his mother by saying:

"I just wanted to rush in and grab that twenty dollars which he refused to me, but which Tom got from him so easily by a little teasing and a promise he will break next week. I felt I had the better right to it."

"A right to it or none, my son," said the widow, "I trust you will never use such means to possess yourself of money even if you think it belongs to you."

"Of course I would n't do such a thing as that," said Toby; "but if I could have got hold of it in any quiet, honest way -" He hesitated, looking across the table into his mother's tender, serious face, and wishing he dared to tell that," said Mildred, in her old teasing way, "I

her what was at that very moment in his jacket pocket.

"I can't conceive of any honest way of our ever getting money from Mr. Tazwell except openly, with his consent," Mrs. Trafford replied, "or by process of law, to which I shall not resort."

Toby dropped his eyes, somewhat disconcerted by this turn in the conversation. But he looked up again quickly to tell the comical sequel, acting, in lively pantomime of face and gesture. Tom's dismay on discovering his loss of the identical bank-note.

Mildred laughed. The time had been, not long before, when Toby delighted to twit his sister, boy-fashion, with her partiality for Tom Tazwell. But all that was past.

"Now, if you had only found it," said she, "the retribution would have been complete!"

Toby felt her eyes fixed on him as she said this, and dropped his own again.

"It might be some trouble to know just what to do with it," he replied.

"It would n't trouble me!" Mildred declared. " Just let me have the handling of a little of the money Mr. Tazwell owes us, and I would show There are so many things we need!"

Again Toby looked up, and their eyes met across the table. She spoke jestingly, but he wondered whether she might not be more than half in earnest.

After supper he went out to give some finishing touches to his boat, which he was painting in the barn. Through the open door the glow of the western sky shone in upon him from over the lake. He was working with his back to it in a brown frock that covered him to his knees, when a diffused shadow glided across the floor.

"Hello!" he said, scarcely looking up from the name on the stern - MILLY - which he was carefully going over with his fine brush. bec

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"If I could n't do those letters better than

would get somebody else to do them for me, or I'd paint them out altogether. I don't know that I care to have a boat named after me."

"But you did care; you were pleased enough when it came home with your name on it," said

"That's so," she replied. "But it was more look very well, indeed. I was only joking.

stood off a little way to criticize his work. "Do you think they look very bad? I could n't, of course, have done them originally, but I flattered myself I could go over them without making a very bad botch."

"It's no botch at all," said Milly. "They

I 'm afraid vou won't have much time to use the boat this year, Toby."

"I think I'll find the time to take you out now and then, in the evening. Or I 'll lend it to Mr. Allerton, and let him take you out," he said, with a mischievous smile. "You will like that better."

"Oh, Toby! Now, can't you joke me about somebody who is n't almost twice as old as I am, and who does n't wear his hair in a little knot on the top of his bald crown? I wish you would! I'll give you the names of two or three persons, if you are too dull to think of any; I'll do all I can to help you out. You seem quite lost," she went on with charming mock seriousness, "since you gave over trying to plague me about Tom Tazwell."

"Let me hear nobody mention his name with yours!" said Toby. "But was n't it funny, his losing the money?"

And, laying down his brush, he once more en-

"See here, Toby!" Mildred said in a low

"Why do you ask that question?" Toby "Perhaps it's only once in a while I do care quickly resumed his brush, regretting that he



"AFTER SUPPER HE WENT OUT TO GIVE SOME FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS BOAT."

because you thought enough of me to give it acted the scene at the parsonage gate. my name, than for any honor there might be in it. I should n't ever know you cared for me, voice, "what ever became of that money,-do if it was n't, once in a while, for some such you know?" thing as that."

for you," said Toby, with a gentle laugh. He had again brought up the perilous subject.

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"I don't know; there was something in your face, when we were talking at the table, that I could n't quite understand. I thought perhaps you knew more than you chose to tell."

Toby regarded her inquiringly. "And were you in earnest in what you said?"

"About what I would do with any of the Tazwell money? Of course I was!"

"Milly!" he said excitedly, "I've been dying to tell somebody, and I'll tell you. I picked up that money in Mr. Tazwell's office; and I have it here in my pocket!" pointing to his coat, which was hanging from a beam in the barn.

"Oh, Toby!" she exclaimed, with frightened

surprise. "How could you?"

"Why, what did you say you would do yourself?" cried Toby.

"Did I say I would keep money I found in that way? If I did, I could n't have meant it. You know how it is. One likes to talk, and tell what one would do, in certain cases. But a thing may look very different when it actually happens."

Toby broke out impatiently: "I never saw anything so unreasonable and inconsistent as a girl can be, when she tries!"

Mildred did not attempt to defend herself.
"What will you do with it?" she asked, gently.
Toby told his plan, and defied her to raise

any valid objection to it.

"It is, of course, the best thing," she said, "provided—but the truth is, Toby—I don't know! I'm sorry you told me!"

"Then why did you come out here on purpose to pump me?" he demanded, throwing down his brush with vexation. "That is n't treating a fellow fairly; now, is it?"

"Perhaps not," Milly replied, with true and tender sisterly solicitude. "And I'm not going to find fault with you, nor betray your secret. Only I would n't have you do anything that mother would think was wrong. I wish you could talk about it with somebody who is wiser than I."

"So do I; but who is there I can go to with a thing of this kind?" said Toby. "Mother is n't very wise in worldly matters; you know that she would be sure to advise me to do what is against her interest and ours — mine particularly. I tell you, it makes me tired to think of working to earn all that money to pay Mr. Brunswick, when I have it right here in my possession, out of the pocket of the man who really ought to pay it."

"Well!" said Mildred, "I can't blame you. And I'm not going to oppose you. But I want you to consider all the consequences, whatever

you do."

"I have considered," said Toby doggedly, returning, to his work. "I 've made up my mind, and I don't think I 'll change it. I 'm going right over to pay that bill to Mr. Brunswick, soon as ever I have finished the leg of this Y."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

# THE SCHOOLMASTER HELPS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

The sunset light had nearly gone from the sky, but the crescent moon was shining low over the lake, its broken image reflected "like a golden goblet falling and sinking" in the fluctuations that a rocking boat sent shoreward, when Toby walked thoughtfully along the solitary path toward the ice-man's cottage.

A grayish mist hung over the borders of the lake, mingling with the moonlight that faintly silvered banks and trees and bushes. Sounds of voices from the boat, made musical by the silence and distance, were wafted across the water. The air was refreshingly cool and moist; the stars were brightening in the dark vault, while two or three of the largest flitted like fireflies in the molten depths of the lake; just the night, it seemed, to enjoy a lonely walk.

But Toby, it is to be feared, was not enjoying it very much. The trouble in his heart, which had come to him with the finding of the money, and which he had so resolutely endeavored to dismiss, returned with a strength that increased with every step he took toward Mr. Brunswick's house. He had almost reached the door—he had the money in his hand—when his heart failed him, and he turned back.

Before he had got half-way home, however, he paused, and, standing on the shore, called up his original determination.

"There's no use making a dolt of myself over this thing," he muttered half aloud. "It's as plain as day. I am going to pay this money to Mr. Brunswick."

And yet he did not stir. Perhaps because,

just then, he heard a sound of footsteps, and perceived the figure of a man approaching.

He waited for him to pass. But the man, looking intently at him, stopped so near that Toby could smell a pink in his coat-front.

"Good-evening, Mr. Allerton," said the boy.

"Tobias? I thought that I recognized you," said the schoolmaster. "You seem to be in a brown study; much as you were that day when I found you looking up at the old sign."

"I am in the brownest kind of a brown study!" Toby frankly confessed.

"Anything new? Anything you would care to tell me?" And the teacher laid a sympathizing hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I should like to tell you, if you would like to hear," said Toby impulsively; "for I am puzzled!"

" Perhaps I can help you untie the knot; let 's see."

Thus encouraged, Toby told the history of the twenty-dollar note, and frankly asked for

how I can't feel quite satisfied."

Mr. Allerton was amazed that Mr. Tazwell should have refused to pay for the scow.

"Let's look this thing carefully over, Tobias.



"TOBY WALKED THOUGHTFULLY ALONG THE SOLITARY PATH."

"It seems perfectly right for me to keep it What seems right at first sight, is not always and pay it to Mr. Brunswick," he said as he best. When you give Mr. Brunswick the money, ended his story, "and yet I don't know, - some- shall you tell him how you came by it? For that will be the fair thing, so far as he is con-

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cerned. If he receives money which you have come by in that way, he ought to know it."

"I suppose so," replied Toby; "I rather thought I should tell him."

"That will be comparatively easy," said Mr. Allerton. "The test of your strength will come when you meet Mr. Tazwell. Don't you think you ought to be just as frank with him as with Mr. Brunswick?"

"I don't know," said Toby. "I meant to own up if I was accused of taking the money. I would n't lie about it."

"No, you could n't afford to do that. But it will be pretty hard for you to step up to him and say frankly that you have taken the matter of doing justice to Mr. Brunswick into your own hands. You don't wish the slightest suspicion of underhand dealing to attach to a matter of this sort."

"I think you are right," said Toby; "and I should n't wonder if that was the secret of the misgivings I could n't get rid of."

"Very likely," said Mr. Allerton. "It would be very hard for you to pursue a course of deception; you are a truthful boy, and you require a consciousness of truth to make you happy. Suppose you had seen that money lying in Mr. Tazwell's drawer, would you have felt justified in taking it?"

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Toby; "that would have been too much like stealing."

"But finding it on the floor, where it had been accidentally dropped — and knowing perfectly well, as you do, who dropped it — Is there, after all, much difference between the two cases?"

"I don't know as there is."

"Say, 'I don't know that there is." Mr. Allerton could n't forget that he was a school-master. "And here 's another thing," he went on. "Is n't it a little dangerous for us to take into our own hands questions of right and wrong that concern us personally, and settle them to suit ourselves? Suppose everybody should assume to do that—it would make the world seem a little more ragged about the edges than it does now; don't you think so?"

"There's enough of that sort of thing going on already," said Tobias, a little grimly, "and we have to suffer from it." "Is n't it better to suffer some injury than to adopt that principle ourselves? The point is this," Mr. Allerton continued, lifting his hat with one hand, and putting up the other under it for a little pat, there in the pale gleam of the setting moon. "You expect to have to pay for the burnt boat, if Mr. Tazwell does n't. Don't you think you would feel better, on the whole, to work hard and earn the money, than to come by it in this way?"

"If I knew how to earn it!" said Tobias despairingly.

"You are young; don't be downhearted: ways will open to a willing boy like you," said the master cheerily. "Be brave and straightforward, and don't shirk. We are all tempted at times to do things not exactly wrong in themselves, but which require a little covering up." he went on, like one speaking from experience and conviction. "For my part, I find they don't pay. An advantage gained by the slightest crookedness leaves such a sting in a sensitive nature! But I am not going to preach to you. There is one thing, however, I would earnestly advise. A boy of your age, with such a mother as you are blessed with, should always think twice before doing a thing of which she might disapprove."

"I believe you!" exclaimed Toby.

They walked along the shore together, not in the direction of the ice-man's house.

"Now, I wish you could tell me what to do about staying in the store," Toby said, after a minute's silence. "She leaves it all to me. I am just made a drudge of; that 's all. If I had only myself to think of, I would n't remain there another day. But she can't afford to lose even the small wages I earn. And now, to have to pay that money to Mr. Brunswick! It will be a very large piece of humble pie for me to eat, if I have to submit, and black Tom Tazwell's boots."

"If I were in your place, I think I should submit to almost anything but a loss of selfrespect," replied the master, "rather than throw up my chance of eventually working into a good business."

"That 's just it!" said Toby. "I could go to the city every morning, and black boots all day at the railroad station, if necessary, with-

out losing as much self-respect as it would cost me to black Tom's!"

"Is n't there a little prejudice in that?"

"Perhaps. But I 'll tell you. My position in the store is-or should be-the same as Tom's. He has no more right to require me to black his boots than I have to ask him to black mine."

"But he is your employer's son,"

"Yes: and that is just what he presumes upon," said Toby. "It was always understood that he and I were to go in on equal terms. To be sure, that was before the failure. But even after that, Mr. Tazwell promised my mother that he would do all in his power to prevent its making any difference in my prospects. Now see how it is. He has got everything into his own hands, and our interest in the business has dwindled down to nothing. To save her little bit of property from going to pay his debts, she consented to be considered as a creditor of the firm, instead of a partner; and signed an agreement to accept thirty cents on the dollar for what little he admits that he owes, after turning over to her some worthless bonds and a mortgage that is n't much better."

"It seems a hard case," said the schoolmaster.

"It is wicked!" Toby exclaimed, with rising passion in his voice. "A woman like my mother! Now, as for the business, I am not sure it will ever be worth while for me to work up in it, even if I can. Why, when my father was alive, ladies used to come from a long distance, even from the city, to trade with him, and get him to order their silks. Now people pass the store every day, to go and buy their goods in the city. That 's a sample of the way things are going. Oh, I was a great dunce!" said Toby bitterly, "ever to put any more faith in Tazwell or the business when I knew what I did!"

"But you have n't made a very great sacrifice by going into the store, even if you step a loon!" out of it now," Mr. Allerton suggested. "Whatever happens, a boy like you should have faith in his own future. Be ready to take advantage of whatever comes to your hand, and I have no doubt you will find

wholly unlooked-for way. We hope and plan, but it is usually the unexpected that happens. Is that boat going to land?"

"Yes; it 's Yellow Jacket's boat. He hauls it up under this willow," replied Toby.

"I spoke to him, a day or two ago, about keeping boats to let," said Mr. Allerton. "But I could n't get much out of him. He seemed somehow to be afraid of losing his freedom, if he committed himself to anything. He 's a queer fellow."

"Hello, Yellow Jacket!" Toby called out from the shore.

"Hello, Toby! Burnt up any scows lately?" Yellow Jacket called back to him from the boat.

"Not many. Who 's that with you, besides Bob?" Toby asked.

" Nobody but Butter Ball."

"See here, boys!" said Toby, "I am going to have my boat ready to put into the water to-morrow evening, and I want you to come over and help me launch her. And, Yellow lacket, here 's Mr. Allerton who would like to speak to you a minute."

"I guess I know what about," said Yellow Tacket. "But tell him I can't!"

"I am afraid you are missing a chance, Patterson," spoke up the schoolmaster. "You know I told you the want of boats, or of a little money, need n't stand in your way, if you take hold of the thing in earnest."

"I know. But I can't! We 'll help you launch your boat to-morrow night, though, Toby," said Yellow Jacket.

"Much obliged!" replied Toby, walking on with the teacher. Then he said to Mr. Allerton: "How many times I have heard him say I can't in just that way, to things it was for his own interest to say I can to, with a will."

"I should have liked to get hold of him, and to help make a man of him," said Mr. Allerton regretfully. "If he would only have come ashore and talked with me! He 's as shy as

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE PROBLEM IS SOLVED.

ARRIVED at the store the next morning, Toby means of getting a living, perhaps in some heard from the clerk, Peters, a lively account of

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Tom's returning there the evening before, in search of his twenty-dollar note, and almost accusing him — Peters—of having picked it up.

"You have n't seen it, of course?" he said to Toby.

"I!" replied Toby. "I should like to find a few twenty-dollar notes lying around loose, in this establishment! I met Tom about the time he must have missed it. But he did n't say anything to me about any lost money. He spoke of losing something but did n't say what."

"That's how he talked when he first came in and questioned me. But he finally told me it was money, and charged me not to tell any one, not even his father. I must tell you, though," said Peters; "for a thing of that kind concerns us both. He may accuse you next. By the way, Tom was pretty mad when he went to put on his boots, and found you had n't blacked 'em."

"But he did put them on, I see," said Toby, noticing that the boots were gone. "I told him he might as well not wait for me to do that little job?"

"You did, did you?" cried a sharp voice, which was not that of the clerk Peters, but of Tom himself, whose anxiety about the lost money had brought him to the store at an unusually early hour. He had glided in by the back way, just in time to overhear Toby's remark about the boots. "Now, you may just black the old shoes first, and the boots afterward."

Toby laughed ironically, and proceeded to dust the counters.

"You won't?" Tom demanded.

"Not until I am ordered to by the boss of the store; and that is n't you — not quite yet," said Toby.

"But he 'll order you; and I advise you not to wait," said Tom. "I 've told him. You should have seen the look he gave, when he said 'I 'll see!' You know what that look means."

Toby made no reply, and Tom took Peters aside to consult him about the money.

"No; I 'm sure he knows no more about it than I do," Toby overheard Peters say to Tom, while both looked across the store at him.

As soon as Mr. Tazwell came in, Tom hastened to interview him in his office. It was not

many minutes before he put his head out of the door and called:

"Toby, you are wanted—by the 'boss.'"

Toby promptly put aside what he was doing, and entered the office. Tom remained to witness his humiliation.

"You want me, sir?" said Toby. For Mr. Tazwell appeared to be busy with some papers, and did not look up. Tom backed off between a window and the safe and grinned. "Shall I come again?" said Toby, determined not to stand there very long in that embarrassing position.

The crook in the Tazwell shoulders became expressive, as, turning over the papers, still without looking up, he said:

"You were told last evening to black Tom's boots?"

"Yes, sir; Tom told me to."

"And why did n't you black them?"

The employer now looked up, keeping his hand on his papers.

"I did n't wish to," the boy replied, white, but without faltering.

"You are here," said Mr. Tazwell, in very low, distinct tones, "to do what you are told, whether you wish to or not. You understand?"
"Yes, sir."

Toby did not know for a moment that he could find breath to say what was trembling on his lips, But he remained standing.

"You can go," said Mr. Tazwell, returning to his papers.

Toby did not stir, except that his lip twitched and his chest heaved. He felt Tom grinning at him from the window behind his father; but did not look at him.

"I said, you can go," Mr. Tazwell repeated. Then Toby spoke; and the moment he began, his breath came and his courage with it.

"If I black Tom's boots, will he black mine?"

"That is a strange question!" said Mr. Tazwell, once more deigning to look up.

"It may seem so to you. But I always understood that Tom and I were to come into the store on equal terms. I have not refused to clean your boots, Mr. Tazwell; and I will clean Tom's if he will clean mine."

The employer regarded him with a look that actually betrayed surprise, but did not answer.

"I don't suppose that will be a pleasant arrangement for any of us," said Toby, stammering a little. "And as I came here to learn the business,—and don't see much prospect of learning it, by doing the things I am usually set at,—perhaps it will be a good thing,—all around—if I go."

Tom had ceased to grin. Mr. Tazwell got the better of his momentary surprise, gave a shrug that left an additional crook in his shoulders, and said:

"As you please."
Still Toby lingered.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you will have the kindness to pay me my wages up to last night. We will say nothing about this morning."

"I have n't intended to drive you out of the store, Tobias," said the merchant, with a smile meant to be pleasant and conciliatory. "I hope your mother will understand it so."

"She will understand that I could n't stay, under the circumstances," the boy replied. "Shall I come in again for my pay?"—as Mr. Tazwell made no sign of giving him any money.

"Had n't you better wait till Saturday night, and think it over?"

The merchant was truly sorry to lose so useful a servant; it was plain he had not expected this result, and that he was willing to make some concessions, if Toby would accept them.

"I have thought it over," said Toby. "I don't see any use in waiting till Saturday. But if it is n't convenient to pay me—it 's a small matter, anyhow!"—turning away.

"It is n't that," said Mr. Tazwell, producing some money. "I will pay you your wages to next Saturday night."

"Excuse me," said Toby. "I can't take—as wages—what I have n't earned." And he passed back a part of the money.

"Very well!" said the smiling merchant, while Tom stared.

He too was sorry to lose so convenient a drudge; and perhaps something of his old friendship and liking for Toby returned, now that they were likely to part.

"Oh, come, Toby!" he said. "I would n't quit, if I were you. I 'll make everything right."
But Toby paid no heed to this appeal.

"There 's one thing more, Mr. Tazwell," he

"I don't suppose that will be a pleasant arar- said. "I spoke to you yesterday about paying agement for any of us," said Toby, stammer- for the burnt scow."

"And I reminded you of what Mr. Brunswick says he said of me when he lent it to you. If after listening to such remarks regarding your employer you took the boat and burnt it up, I am surprised that you should speak to me a second time about it." There was no smile on the merchant's face now. "You did n't deny his making the remarks he brags of, as I hoped you would." Toby did not speak. "Besides, I 've no money but for my most urgent obligations, at this time."

Then Toby replied: "I had n't the slightest intention of asking you for the money a second time. What I was aiming at was this: The money you denied to me, for the loss of the boat, you afterward gave to Tom, here, to make up for the loss of his gun. Perhaps you thought that one of your 'urgent obligations.'"

Mr. Tazwell turned and gave Tom a questioning look. Tom tried to speak, but stood frightened and dazed.

"He did n't tell me; he has kept his promise to you, as far as I am concerned," continued Toby. "But the money you gave him he lost. I found it. And here it is."

"Thomas!" said Mr. Tazwell, as sternly as he ever spoke to his favorite child, "why have n't you told me this?"

"I hoped it would turn up!" Tom said, with very mingled feelings, in which it is hard to say whether fear of the paternal displeasure or joy at seeing the money again was uppermost.

"Where did you find it?" Mr. Tazwell asked, taking the money, and carefully putting it into his own pocket instead of handing it again to Tom.

"Here, on the office floor, last evening. I saw it when I brought your boots."

"When I was here? Why did n't you tell me?"

"Because I thought at first I'd keep it and pay it to Mr. Brunswick," Toby confessed.

"And why did n't you?" The searching gray eyes fixed on Toby had a changed expression.

"I concluded it was n't quite honest and straightforward; and that I 'd rather come by the money in some way that was."

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beaming with noble satisfaction.

Mr. Tazwell bent over his desk and fumbled his papers in silence. Toby started to go.

"One moment, Tobias!" said the merchant. "Did your mother send you back with the money?"

"No, sir; she knows nothing about it."

Tazwell lifted his hand from his papers and passed it over his forehead.

"I am obliged to you, Tobias," he murmured, as if the words stuck in his throat.

"You are quite welcome," Toby replied cheerfully.

And he walked out of the office, leaving father and son together.

#### CHAPTER XX.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

"I SUPPOSE I can have that money, to finish my trade for Lick Stevens's rifle. He's expecting it."

With these words Tom broke the embarrassing silence that followed Toby's departure.

"Do you think you deserve any money, or any favors from me whatever?" the elder Tazwell replied, with concentrated displeasure. "See what a position I am placed in by your conduct!"

"I don't see what I 've done!" mumbled Tom.

"Why did n't you tell me you had lost the money? Why were you so careless as to lose it at all? Why, in the first place, did you come and beg it of me just at this time?"

"I thought -," began Tom.

"You thought only of your own pleasure and advantage, as always," said his father. "You never think of mine. I am much to blame for upholding you as I do. Why did you insist on his blacking your boots? See what has come of it!"

"You said he could."

"I have said a good many things to please you, that I ought not to have said. How did he get to know so much about my giving you the money? You must have told."

Mr. Tazwell closed his desk and reached for his hat.

Toby's face was almost radiant as he said this, But the elder looked unconvinced. "Say! can't I have it?" the son pleaded in an injured tone, "I promised to leave off smoking."

> Without a word, but with huge dissatisfaction in his drawn features and rigid stoop, Mr. Tazwell walked out of the store.

> Toby, in the mean while, on his way home, saw Aleck the Little, preparing to mount his bicycle in the parsonage yard, and stopped to speak with him.

> "It was just as I expected," said the minister's son. "Tom came back here last evening, and wanted me to make the trade and trust him for the boot-money."

"The money has been found," replied Toby.

"You don't say so!" Aleck exclaimed, leaning his wheel against the gate-post. "I did n't believe there was any."

"I know you did n't. But I did. I had it in my pocket all the time," said Toby, with a laughing look over his shoulder as he moved on.

"Where are you bound now?" cried Aleck.

"Home; to do a little work in the garden, and then tinker up my wharf."

"Sho! did Tom let you off from the store?"

There was a slight squint in one of Lick Stevens's eyes that gave them a malicious expression, when he chose to be sarcastic. Toby paid no attention to the jeer, but answered gaily, "I have nothing more to do with the store, or with anybody in it."

"Lignum-vitæ!" exclaimed Aleck, in astonishment. "Tell me about it! Kicked out?"

"Kicked out," echoed Toby, hurrying on; " only it was my own feet that did the kicking."

Aleck mounted his bicycle and rode by his side to hear more of the story,-which Toby, however, did not seem inclined to tell,-then wheeled and took a turn through the village. He was riding to and fro in front of the store, sounding his bell now and then, in the hope of attracting Tom's attention and calling him out, when Tom's sister Bertha, accompanied by another girl, came down the street.

"See here, Aleck Stevens!" cried Bertha, as they separated to let him ride between them, "if you don't keep off the sidewalks, I 'll call the police and have you arrested."

"The police never see me," he boasted, not "I hope to die if I did!" Tom exclaimed. without reason, as he turned into the street and came back zigzagging beside the girls. "If you go into the store, Bertha, please tell Tom I want to see him. What was the row? I suppose you know Toby has left the store," said Aleck, his off eye squinting with a gleeful twinkle at Bertha's surprise. "Good-by; I guess I won't wait for Tom," and he sailed away on his wheel.

Bertha left her companions and ran into the store, to inquire into the truth of this startling report. "Yes," said Tom, with assumed indifference resting on his hands and swinging himself between the ends of two counters. "We have lost his invaluable services."

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, "it is your doing, I know!"—for he had boasted to her, the night before, that he would make Toby clean his boots. "Where 's papa?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. He has got something in his pocket I want; and I can't go out and speak with Lick Stevens till I get it. Tell him from me—"

"I shall tell him nothing!" said Bertha, as with a look of grief and scorn she went out of the store and hurried home to her mother. So when Mr. Tazwell went to dinner, he found that the unpleasant news had preceded him.

"Is it true," Mrs. Tazwell asked," that Tobias has left you for good?"

"For good or for bad," he answered dryly, as he passed on into the library with an air that forbade further questioning.

He was not an unkind man in his family; but when he appeared with that fixed and taciturn expression, even his wife rarely ventured to approach him. She followed him on this occasion, however, and said anxiously:

"Was it the matter of the boots?"

" Partly that. I can't talk about it now."

"Bertha is much distressed," Mrs. Tazwell persisted. "She thinks Toby has been strangely ill-used. Not in this thing only. She tells of Thomas's imposing on him in many ways. And in the matter of setting fire to the hay—"

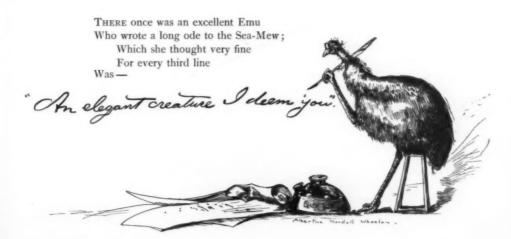
"I'd rather not hear anything more about that," he said, turning and pacing the floor.

"So you have said all along, unwilling to hear anybody's story but Thomas's. It is n't for me to take part against my own son," she went on, "but I do wish you would listen to me for once, if you would know the truth."

"I know enough," said the merchant, with his voice deep in his throat. "Will you respect my wishes and leave me?"

"He will hear nothing," said Mrs. Tazwell, going out to Bertha, who was awaiting her. "Something must have gone wrong with him to-day."

(To be continued.)





PERSONS OF THE DRAMA: MISS BIRD, and MRS. CHIPMUNK. Scene: The woods. Time: Last November.

- Miss Bird.-Why, Mrs. Chipmunk! how do you do?
- Bird; and you?
- Miss B.—I 'm sorry to say my health is poor, So my doctor has ordered a southern

Could n't you manage to come along? It would do you good-

- MRS. C.-Yes, I'm far from strong, And it 's just what I 'd most like to do If I'd only a pair of wings -
- Miss B .-Pooh! Pooh! There are trains for people who cannot fly.
- MRS. C.—Yes, but the fares are so dreadfully So really I must n't think of that-
- Miss B .- If only you'd wings like your cousin Bat.
- MRS. C .- If only! but then I have n't, you see. Besides, I've rented a hole in a tree, On the first-floor branch just three trees west

- Of the oak where you built your last year's nest.
- MRS. CHIPMUNK .- I'm quite well, thanks, Miss MISS B .- A charming neighborhood! just the thing

For a winter home -

Well, I hope, next spring, MRS. C .-When you're here again, you will try to call.



Miss B .- You are very kind-

MRS. C.-Oh, not at all!

Miss B .- Good-bye, Mrs. Chipmunk.

MRS. C.-Oh, must you fly? us

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Then, a pleasant journey! Miss B .-Good-bye!

MRS. C.-Good-bye!



### HUZ AND BUZ.

By Laura E. Richards.



"HUZZY! WAKE UP, QUICK! WHAT IS THAT!"

"Huzzy, why do you suppose Missus has put us in this basket, all huddled together?"

told us to lie still; so we must."

"What will happen if we don't, Huzzy?"

"We shall be whipped."

"Well, it 's nice and warm here in the sun, Huzzy! Suppose we go to sleep."

"Suppose we do! Prrrrrrr!"

"Huzzy! Wake up, quick! What is that?" "What is what, you stupid kitten? Why can't

you let me sleep?"

"Look! That queer thing the Master is bringing. Oh! he makes it stand up on three long, dreadful legs. Did you ever see anything with three legs before, Huzzy?"

"No - I think not. It is queer, Buzzy. Do you think it is alive?"

"Yes, it must be alive, for it has a head, and a great round eye. Oh! it is looking at us. "Don't know, I 'm sure, Buzzy. But she It is moving! Oh! and the Master's head is gone, and there 's a black thing instead."

> "Buzzy, something dreadful is going to happen to us. I would rather be whipped than killed. Let us jump out and run into the barn. Miaow!"

> Once out of the basket, they took their time, and they did n't know that there was any more danger from that strange instrument. But it took them as they retreated. Don't tellbut here they are!



# ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

By Frances V. and E. J. Austen.



TRICK THE EIGHTH.

ABELLA TELLS ELFIE HER SAD STORY. HOW THE ROCKING-HORSE THREW THE JOCKEYS OVER HIS THE ROCKING-HORSE'S SONG.

ISABELLA gasped and wheezed very much at first, and she had to be refreshed by winding up quite often. I will leave out all the gaps in her story, which ran like this:

"Last year I was as beautiful a doll as any that you see here. I could dance more lightly, and could walk with fewer jerks than any of them, and all the gentlemen dolls used to be proud of my notice; but on Christmas Day Santa Claus took me away and left me at a beautiful house down on the earth. It was night when we arrived, and I was very much frightened when he went down the chimney with me in his arms and a lot of other toys on his back, and hanging to his belt. The little girl to whom I was to be sent was fast asleep, and when I saw her pretty face I felt very glad I was to have so sweet a mama.

"I was placed with the other toys on a large Christmas-tree in the parlor, and when I bade Santa Claus good-by, my thoughts were full of the fun the little girl and I would have the next day; but I was soon tired of staying upon the tree, and should have fallen asleep if I had not had on my nice silk frock with the lace apron. I did not want to rumple my lovely dress, for we dolls think more of our clothes than of anything else, so I had to stay awake.

"There were a number of square frames on the walls, some of them with very large dolls' like the little girl I had seen asleep upstairs, while another was a very sweet-faced grown-up doll. But she was quite dead, for she did not understand any of the doll language that I spoke

"I was very glad when it was morning, and a servant maid came and threw open the window-shutters, letting in a flood of cheerful sunshine. Pretty soon in trooped three lovely children, who shouted and screamed with delight when they saw the tree. The little girl who was to be my mama soon had me down from my perch, and hugged and kissed me as if she would eat me. I thought I should love her very much, as she seemed to care so much for me.

"Soon after, a lady came in, and then I saw that what I had taken for a doll's head hanging in the frame was really a portrait of this lady. She looked very sweet and lovely, and was my owner's mama.

"My little mistress thought I was the nicest present she had ever had. For a long time she was very careful of me, and we had some happy games together. She used to tell me all her secrets, and I should have told her mine, but she could not understand the doll language, as you do while you are in Cloudland.

"But at last, she began to tire of me; she cared for me less and less, and one terrible day, a day I shall never forget, she pulled off my arm and one of my legs and threw me into a dark closet. My hair caught on a nail, and was torn off my head in the fall. I cried bitterly. The pain of my broken limbs was not so trying as the feeling that my mistress, who had loved me so much, should have treated me so cruelly. There was a walking-stick, which belonged to my mama's papa, in the closet, and he told me in a very gruff voice to be quiet. He said he had had to walk all over the town during the day, heads hanging in them. One looked very and could not have his rest disturbed by the

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crying of a dollstop soon enough soft step of dear old Santa Clausin the room outside. I shouted loudcarried me away.

slowly getting better since I have been back here, and I suppose I shall be repaired and returned, but you may fancy how I dread it. I cannot tell you of all the horrible things I suffered. During the last days of my stay I was terribly neglected. I was once left out on the wet grass all night, and I have suffered from rheumatism ever since; while I have been slapped and beaten over and over again when I had committed no fault.

bella, as she concluded her story and sank back on her pillow.

Elfie felt very sorry for the poor dolly; for her heart told her that she had treated more than one of her own dollies in the same way, and she thought Santa Claus must be very forgiving to overlook her faults and bring her a new doll every Christmas.

But in this wonderful toy castle there were so many things to attract her attention that she was soon thinking of something else. She kissed poor Isabella, whose clockwork heart gave a grateful "click" at the caress, and, nodding to Maggie May, she moved off to further examine the wonders that were all around her.

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Elfie had not taken a dozen steps, before baby. I did not she heard a tremendous clatter in the corner where she had seen the little jockey-dolls trying to satisfy him, to master the rocking-horse. She went over to and he knocked see what was the matter, and she found that one of my eyes the animal had reared right up on its nose out, After lying and thrown every one of its would-be riders there for what over its head. Two or three of them had fallen seemed to me an into a tub of water, where the little sailor dolls age, I heard the were busily launching a model of the Volunwell remembered teer racing yacht.

Luckily for them, E-ma-ji-na-shun was near. The old man, with great presence of mind, seized a skipping-rope from a nail and threw it to the drowning dolls. They all managed ly, and he came to grasp it, and were dragged ashore by the to the closet and brave sailor laddies.

The horse stayed just as he had thrown him-"I have been self, with his nose on the ground and his hind legs and tail in the air. Elfie tilted him back again on to his rockers, and he gave two or three defiant prances before he rocked himself to a standstill.

> "Why, what 's the matter with you, rockinghorse?" said Elfie.

> " Nothing," snorted the gallant steed. "Nothing! What does a girl know about a rocking-horse? Ugh!"

"Nothing, of course; but why did you throw wish I could stay here forever!" sobbed poor Isa- these poor little fellows into the water?" asked



"TWO OR THREE OF THE JOCKEYS FELL INTO A TUB OF WATER."

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Elfie, gently, and she took up one of the little jockeys to dry him. He was made of wood, and his eyes had a very don't-care look.

"Never you mind about 'these poor little fellows,'" grunted the rocking-horse; "they are



THE ROCKING-HORSE BREAKERS.

quite able to take care of themselves without any of your interference!"

Elfie thought the rocking-horse was very impertinent, but when she looked at the horse-breakers, she quite believed him. They were certainly the hardest looking dolls she had ever seen. Two or three were carved out of wood, like the hero she had rescued, some were rubber, while two at least of them were made of iron or some other metal, and looked able to put up with any tumble the horse might give them.

She looked at the little chap she held in her hand, and, without changing his stony glare, he said in a gruff hoarse whisper:

"We 're all right, Miss; don't you bother about the likes of us! We 've got to break him in before he is allowed to leave here, and we 're going to do it, Miss,—at any cost!"

Elfie was pleased to see how plucky the little fellow was. She supposed that it was the way the jockey-doll had been taught. She put him on the ground, and he at once climbed up to the back of the rocking-horse, who immediately reared and threw him off.

This last feat seemed to please the fiery steed very much. He pranced and rocked so fiercely that not one of the jockeys dared to go near him. At last, after one or two very daring leaps, he gave two or three loud snorts and began to sing with much spirit:

#### THE ROCKING-HORSE'S SONG.

THOUGH I 'm only a horse set on rockers
And am made altogether of wood,
I am wicked clear through to my saddle,
And I glory in not being good.
Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray,

I suppose that the reason for this is I was cut out "cross-grained" as a colt, Which makes me so vicious and fractious, That I kick, rear, plunge, shy, and bolt! Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Go bring here the man from the circus
Who thinks that he knows how to ride,
Who is called on the bills the Horse-Breaker,
Oh, call him! I'll lower his pride.
Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Or bring me the cowboy so joyous,
Who is known far and near on the plains
As the man called the best bronco rider,
I will give him a fall for his pains.
Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.



THE FRACTIOUS ROCKING-HORSE.

I was made by a left-handed goblin,
Broken-nosed, with a cast in his eye;
'T is impossible ever to tame me,
Give it up, now, you jockeys, don't try!
Fol-de-rol-lol-de-ray.

Elfie laughed heartily at the conceit of the rocking-horse, and gave him an imitation apple which she found among a lot of other china fruit on the shelf. Then, nodding good-by to the little horse-breakers, she passed on to the farther end of the room.

#### TRICK THE NINTH.

ELFIE MEETS GRIMGUFFIN. HIS SAD STORY.
E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN TAKES HER TO VISIT
THE TOY FACTORY.



FIE walked slowly along, seeing something new at every step. When she reached the end of the room she saw what she at first

took to be a hideous ogre, standing up against the wall and staring at her with great goggle eyes. The head was a terrible sight. It seemed to Elfie to be as large as the big table in her papa's library—it was very nearly round, and had a tuft of hideous red hair on the top and under the chin. The nose was painted a fiery red, and its mouth, which was stretched wide open, was a red flannel bag.

Its body was rather small for the head, but still as large as a good-sized man, and it was dressed in clothes which reminded Elfie of the clown's dress she had seen at the circus.

"What is that?" she said to Maggie May, who had followed her with little jerky steps.

"Oh, that 's just a game," she said, "and it is nothing but pasteboard. The way to play," she said, "is to take one of these balls which are in the basket on the floor, and try to throw it into the monster's mouth. Whenever the ball goes in, a little bell rings on the creature's head, and the lucky player receives a bag of peanuts as a prize."

"Oh yes!" said Elfie, and as she did not care for that sort of game, was going to walk on, when E-ma-ji-na-shun whispered to her:

"That is all very true what Maggie May says, but this monster was really an ogre once; he is the very same one that used to own the sevenleagued boots, and was condemned for his bad conduct to stand with his mouth wide open forever for people to throw balls into."

Elfie looked at the creature with a new curiosity, and as she looked, the monster spoke. He could not close his mouth, so that the words were very indistinct; but Elfie made out that he was trying to say:

#### GRIMGUFFIN'S LAMENT.

I USED to be an ogre, I was fond of little children, My name it was Grimguffin (see the story in the books). I have been condemned forever to stand with mouth wide open;

You can't say it looks easy, and it's harder than it looks.

What makes my sad fate harder is, I 'm always very hun-

I would give the whole wide world to eat a bit of pickled boy!

But, you see, I 've been forbidden to eat anything but playthings,

And base-balls are the only food that give me any joy.

Then, as if to tantalize me, when folks try to treat me kindly,

By feeding me, the throwers all are nearly sure to miss.

Then I suffer dreadful anguish, for I see the nice balls
wasted:

Oh, I'm sure I never did deserve an awful fate like this!



GRIMGUFFIN.

So if you please, kind maiden, take a ball or two and throw them.

As many as you wish to —. I 'd like about a score,

A few will keep me going, though of course I 'll still
be hungry,

For I could eat the basketful, and twice as many more.

"Poor old Grimguffin!" said Elfie, "I am sure you are being punished severely enough for your sins. Here is some luncheon for you";

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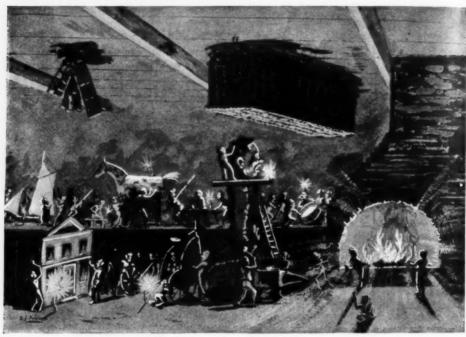
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and she threw two of the balls very neatly into sawing, whittling, cutting, hammering, modelthe ogre's open mouth. He was evidently much ing, sewing, and gluing the different materials



BUSY TIMES IN THE TOY MANUFACTORY.

pleased, and he rang the little bell on the top of his head quite merrily as Elfie walked away with old E-ma-ji-na-shun.

They had by this time seen nearly all the lower floor of the castle, and Elfie asked her guide to show her the upper part.

"Very well, my dear," said the obliging goblin. "Come this way, please."

"Hey, presto! Abracadabra! Houp-la! Here we are."

Elfie felt herself whisked through the air, and, before she could speak, found herself standing in another part of the building.

"That 's my patent elevator, my dear," said E-ma-ji-na-shun. "Here we are on the second floor. This part of the house, my child, is used for the manufacture of most of the toys you have seen downstairs."

It really was a wonderful sight. Hundreds of little goblins, who looked something like their king, E-ma-ji-na-shun, were hard at work see the end of it, and she could not understand

used in making the beautiful toys Elfie and the other earth children enjoy so much.

The room was long and low, and there were no windows to be seen. Light was provided by dozens of glow-worms, who ran about with their tiny lamps and threw their light just where the workmen needed it.

There were hundreds of little tailor goblins, seated cross-legged on a bench, sewing away on the clothes intended for the boy-dolls, which were being made by another set of workmen. Then there were thousands of little goblin dressmakers, all busy making dresses for the lady dolls. There were tiny blacksmiths and tiny carpenters, all as hard at work as possible; for E-ma-ji-na-shun told Elfie that the toymakers could hardly make toys fast enough to take the place of those the little earth children were always breaking.

The room was so long that Elfie could not

castle, as she had seen it from the outside; but his stick seemed to get no shorter. her guide only chuckled and said:

make your head ache by trying to explain the tricks of E-ma-ii-na-shun. Now I will show



THE LITTLE TAILOR GOBLINS.

you my head workman, the champion toymaker of Cloudland. There he is; now watch him at work."

The workman that Elfie was looking at was a light red goblin, picked out with green; that is, his face, hands, and legs were red, his body was red with green stripes, while his hair, eyebrows, eyes, teeth, and finger-nails were green. His nose was a deeper red than the rest of his face, making a very pleasant contrast.

He held in one hand a long round stick and in the other a little hatchet, and as he stood at his bench he kept repeating the verse:

> Tweeney, Tweeney, Twiney-twum, Cattle-a-weeney, winey wum, Spick, spack, must be done-Tweeney, Twiney, Twenty-one.

Every time he said "twenty-one," he would hit the stick with his hatchet, and immediately some sort of a toy was made, complete! There was a top, or a doll, or a music-box, or a lead soldier, or a boat, just whatever he thought the workmen were most in need of at that moment.

Elfie thought it was wonderful; and she watched old Handiman, which was the goblin's name, for some minutes, during which time he

how so long a room could be in the dolls' made forty toys, all of them different, and yet

"Another trick, I suppose," said she, and "Another one of my tricks, my dear! Don't E-ma-ji-na-shun nodded and laughed heartily.

> When they left him they walked down to the other end of the room. There they saw the

goblin bakers making the gingerbread horses and men that are sold at Christmas. Twenty very fat little goblins were busy biting the holes in the doughnuts. E-ma-ji-na-shun told Elfie that this work was so trying to the nerves of the workmen that a fresh lot of goblins had to be engaged each week.

Close by was the toy-animal factory. Here they were making rocking-horses, toy sheep, rabbits, oxen, etc., one lot of workers being kept busy all the time chopping off animals for Noah's Arks.

Then there was a room for baby carriages and express-wagons, and so many things to look at that Elfie's head was

nearly turned with excitement. In fact, she felt that if she should see any more, she would have a headache. As usual, E-ma-ji-na-shun knew her thought although she said nothing. He at once turned away from the playthings and spoke to Elfie.

"Are you tired of the toys?" asked E-ma-

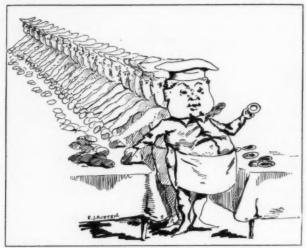


OLD HANDIMAN, THE CHAMPION TOY-MAKER,

"A little," said Elfie.

"Then we'll return to Mother Goose this very moment!" said the goblin.

Again they rose into the air, and after a pleasant flight of a few minutes, Elfie met the quaint little voice of E-ma-ji-na-shun, who was dear old lady again.



"TWENTY FAT LITTLE GOBLINS WERE BITING THE HOLES IN THE DOUGHNUTS."

"Oh! you dear old Mother Goose," she cried; yellowish-green looking stone. "it seems to me that I have seen everything and everybody I have ever wondered at, and I'll never, never forget you, and I hope I shall come back again and again. Yes," Elfie went on, "there is nothing now that I have wondered at that I have not seen - except except - "

"What?" asked Mother Goose.

" Except the moon," said Elfie.

"The moon, child!" cried the dame, "Whatever do you want to know about the moon?"

"I want to know what it is, and why it gets small and large again, and who the Man in the Moon is, and oh dear me! I don't understand it at all," sighed the little girl.

"Ha! ha! my dear," chuckled the soft. seated on Elfie's shoulder. "Whenever you don't

> understand anything you must come to me to help you out. I can always explain everything fully. To be sure, when you get down to earth again, it is likely you will wonder just as much as ever about all the things I have explained to you, but then you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that what I have told you might be true after all. And now, if you will be so good as to take a seat on this yellow stone, I will explain this moon business to you."

> "Why! what a funny stone!" said Elfie, looking at the seat he had pointed out to her, which seemed to her a round,

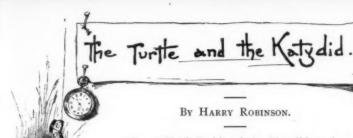
"Yes," said the old gentleman, "you may well say that. Look at it again. What does it look like?"

"It looks like cheese," replied Elfie.

"It is cheese," said E-ma-ji-na-shun; "taste it! smell it! It is cheese, and the very best quality, too, for it is a piece of the identical moon itself!"



(To be continued.)



"DEAR Turtle," chirped the Katydid, "what makes you walk so slow?" (They're sadly ungrammatical, are Katydids, you know.)

"Oh, Katydid," the Turtle cried, "why don't you change your tune?

You sing the same old silly wrangle, morning, night, and noon."

"Walk slowly?" asked the Turtle. "Katy, Nature made me so.

"And there 's no place to which I wish especially to go."

"Sing other songs?" asked Katy. "Why, 't was Nature made me so.

"I cannot sing another; it 's the only song I know."

So, both concluding Nature knew just what she meant to do,

The Turtle went on crawling; Katy chirped the song she knew.



Ruheelan\_

# WHAT AND WHERE?

By Anna Hamilton.

Mischievous Tommy,
He hears every day,
A homily simple
Beginning this way:
"Now, Tommy, you must n't,"
And "Tommy, you must";
And "Tommy, stop running,
You 'll kick up the dust";
And "Do not go swimming

Or you will get wet,"

And "Do not go sailing,

Or you will upset";

And "Do not be wrestling,
You'll fracture your bones,"
And "Do not go climbing,
You'll fall on the stones";
And "Do not be whistling,
You're not a mere bird,"
And "Good little children
Are seen and not heard,—"

Which Tommy on hearing Exclaims, "Deary me! What can a boy do,
And where can a boy be?"

# MY AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.

By EDWARD LIVINGSTON WELLES.

readers who have not at some period in their lives had a fancy for making a collection of one to treasure up various kinds of curiosities, even signature of unusual stones, such as flint, feldspar, mica, sparkling quartz, and sometimes agates and carnelians, all of which were very attractive to us; and though we did not always know their scientific, geological names, we prized them as being different from ordinary pebbles lying in the road or by the brookside.

Collecting the various kinds of birds' eggs was fun to some boys, but robbing the poor little mother-birds of their home treasures to me always seemed heartless and cruel. Brilliantly colored moths and butterflies make a beautiful display, but one needs either a thorough knowledge of insects, or a strong desire to study them, to make a satisfactory collection of this kind, properly arranged and labeled.

During the war, there was quite a fashion of getting together all the envelops with patriotic and comic pictures, so much used by the soldiers, North and South; and some of these, which are still in existence, are very interesting as relics. Confederate bills and the United States postal currency notes were also treasured, and will doubtless become more highly prized by collectors as they become rarer. Then the "postage-stamp mania" set in, and perhaps became more popular and lasted longer than any other form of collecting chosen by young people as an amusement.

Autograph collections are by no means novelties, and there are many very large and valuable ones in this country, as well as in Europe. My own does not pretend to be extraordinary, and has never caused me great expense or effort, the small item of postage, and the cost of the volumes containing it, being almost the

WITHOUT doubt there are few of my young entire outlay of money. While yet a boy, I had read many descriptions of very valuable collections, but I think the idea of starting sort or another. In my school-boy days, we used one of my own was first suggested by seeing a

> in a little old-fashioned hair-covered trunk, in which my father kept old letters and other papers. This autograph my father gave to me, when my collection had made a beginning, and it still heads the long list of Presidents of the United States whose signatures I have since obtained. Here the rest are in order of time:

John Adams

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For some time, I studied over a form for addressing distinguished people, whose autographs I wished to ask for; and having finally composed a letter, which in my boyish judgment was proper, and sufficiently respectful and polite, I ventured to address first the Hon. Henry Clay, of Kentucky; from whom, in the course of a week or two (for mails were of course slower in those days than they are now), I received a pleasant reply, with this signature:

Jan Jon the Sour

Of course I was much delighted to be thus honored, and proud of my first success; and I

lost no time in addressing letters to various other prominent people; among them, General Zachary Taylor, who was then winning laurels by his recent victories in Mexico; ex-President Martin Van Buren; Mrs. Sigourney, the poet; Fenimore Cooper and Samuel Lover, the novelists, and several others, from all of whom I obtained autographs during the first year.

As the number of letters increased, I found I must adopt some way of arranging them so as to be easy to look over. The convenient postage-stamp and autograph albums of the present day were not then in use, and so I invested my first spare five dollars in a book which I ordered made expressly for the purpose, with leaves of Bristol-board, upon which the autographs might be neatly pasted.

That first book has for a long time been completely filled, and has had to undergo the process of rebinding. I had the back of each leaf strengthened by a linen hinge; a very good way in which to have any book of the kind

August 12. 37

My dean Boy

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made at first, as the binding will wear much longer, and the back is not as likely to be strained when the book is opened flat.

In the course of a year or two after I commenced collecting autographs, I had received letters from most of the prominent literary people of our own country who were then in their prime; among them, Bryant, Longfellow, Fitz-Greene Halleck, who wrote the stirring poem most school-boys will remember, "Marco Bozzaris," a "piece" which used often to be selected for declamation when I was a lad, as I suppose it is still. I show you on these pages the very pleasant little note I received from Mr. Halleck.

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote me also a verse of poetry, but as I have two or three specimens of his handwriting, I choose the shortest. It is a sentence from one of his essays, and a very good motto, by the way, for boys to keep in mind.

Those boys who have traveled over the Hudson River Railroad, or have sailed up the river on the Albany boat, may have had pointed out to them, a little south of Irvington, and hardly beyond a stone's-throw from the car window, an old-fashioned Dutch-gabled cottage, almost hidden among beautiful shade trees. It is the former home of Washington Irving, and is said to be the "Old Van Tassel House," of which he speaks in his "Legend of Sleepy

The autograph of Washington Joving Sungele Och 27 4 1833

Hollow." This old house he named "Sunnyside," and there he spent the last years of his life. Above you may see a copy of an autograph of his, written at Sunnyside.

Difficulties wist to be farmounted. LW. Emerfon. Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose "Mosses from what he wrote me. an Old Manse," "Snow Image" and other

Then, I received a charming note from I addressed him. On this page you will see

Written three years later, is the letter from "Twice Told Tales," and "Tanglewood Tales," the poet, James Russell Lowell, who, not long had a weird fascination for me, even as a boy. since, was our Minister to England. He lived Mr. Hawthorne, as you will see from the letter, in a pleasant old house at Cambridge, which had been living at Salem, but had removed to he called "Elmwood." It is not far, I be-Lenox, of which fact I was ignorant at the time lieve, from the homes of other distinguished

Lewy, Nov 184. 1850. buy down young freis, your note, requesting an autefraghe, has been fromwaled from Palan hate Hawthood

Mr Edward Colles. den Arber

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Bostonians, among them that of Dr. Oliver reformer, John Bright; of Edward Everett Wendell Holmes, and the house where the Hale, whose books are favorites with boys of poet Longfellow lived.

When quite a small boy, I can recollect being lifted up in my father's arms to get a glimpse of a distinguished orator who was addressing a mass-meeting in the open air, in a Western city. The speaker was

Wolster

and, though he lived many years thereafter, I believe I never happened to see him again.

I am compelled by want of space to omit a large number of letters and signatures of prominent literary people of our own land, but I the present day; and of Mark Twain, whose shall add here the autograph of the great English humor delights everybody, and whose books,

Rochd ale

Mh 70. 1866

Draw Mr. Welles:

Let me write here what me call The Four Wadsnotte Mottres\_

Look up and not down :-Lock forward and not backward .-Look out and not in L'end a dance "

Fuly Juns Edward & Stale

mimeapolis. na. 15. 1872 }

"Tom Sawyer" and the "Prince and Pauper," have been very popular with boys.

Scott, who was Commander-in-Chief at the Fortress Monroe. breaking out of the war; and there are signatures of nearly all the prominent generals, both signatures, copied from one of my volumes, in

Federal and Confederate, and of the admirals of both navies; there is also a letter from Jef-There is in my book a letter from General ferson Davis, written while he was a prisoner at

And now let us take a look at a page of

which they were written while I was a resident of Washington, in the early years of the war. They are those of President Lincoln, and the officers of his cabinet, as it was

Among other autographs of Mr. Lincoln, in my collection, is a telegraphic message which he wrote to General Tyler, then in

ulforns Mark Iwain yours truly ALincoln. William N. Leward hase June 16,1869. win Matanton 1. august 1669 Am Paller

command at Harper's Ferry, inquiring what Confederate troops were about Winchester, and "north of there."

Mr. Lincoln subsequently changed his mind about this message, and did not send it. He crumpled it up and threw it into a waste-basket, from which a friend of mine rescued the paper, and some years after gave it to me.

Here is the autograph of the hero of Fort Sumter, General Robert Anderson, and the date renders the signature peculiarly valuable, proving it to have been written in the fort, in Charleston harbor, only a few weeks before that celebrated stronghold was captured.

A. M. Halluth Some in A. The Blain Edw. Bates

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Fort Suntu S.C. March 1.1861 Von reputfully Mourettern Robert Anderson Majorus E.

In the second part of this description of my collection, I shall show you many other distinguished names, and a touching and beautiful letter from William Makepeace Thackeray,—a letter that has never been published.

(To be concluded.)



THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

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#### THE BOY SETTLERS.

By NOAH BROOKS.

[Begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER X.

DRAWING THE FIRST FURROW.

THE good-natured Younkins was on hand bright and early the next morning, to show the new settlers where to cut the first furrow on the land which they had determined to plow. Having decided to take the northwest corner of the quarter-section selected, it was easy to find the stake set at the corner. Then, having drawn an imaginary line from the stake to that which was set in the southwest corner, the tall Charlie standing where he could be used as a sign for said landmark, his father and his uncle, assisted by Younkins and followed by the two other boys, set the big breaking-plow as near that line as possible. The four yoke of oxen stood obediently in line. Mr. Howell firmly held the plow-handles; Younkins drove the two forward yoke of cattle, and Mr. Bryant the second two; and the two younger boys stood ready to hurrah as soon as the word was given to start. It was an impressive moment to the

"Gee up!" shouted Younkins, as mildly as if the oxen were petted children. The long train moved, the sharp nose of the plow cut into the virgin turf, turning over a broad sod, about five inches thick; and then the plow swept onward toward the point where Charlie stood waving his red handkerchief in the air. Sandy seized a huge piece of the freshly turned sod, and waving it over his head with his strong young arms, he cried, "Three cheers for the first sod of Bleeding Kansas! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!" The farming of the boy settlers had begun.

Charlie, at his distant post on the other side of the creek, saw the beginning of things, and

moving team of cattle. The men smiled at the enthusiasm of the youngsters, but in their hearts the two new settlers felt that this was, after all, an event of much significance. The green turf now being turned over was disturbed by plowshare for the first time since the creation of the world. Scarcely ever had this soil felt the pressure of the foot of a white man. For ages unnumbered it had been the feedingground of the buffalo and the deer. The American savage had chased his game over it, and possibly the sod had been wet with the blood of contending tribes. Now all was to be changed. As the black loamy soil was turned for the first time to the light of day, so for the first time the long-neglected plain was being made useful for the support of civilized man.

No wonder the boys cheered and cheered again.

> "We go to plant her common schools On distant prairie swells, And give the Sabbaths of the wild The music of her bells."

This is what was in Mr. Charles Bryant's mind as he wielded the ox-goad over the backs of the animals that drew the great plow along the first furrow cut on the farm of the emigrants. The day was bright and fair; the sun shone down on the flower-gemmed sod; no sound broke on the still air but the slow treading of the oxen, the chirrup of the drivers, the ripping of the sod as it was turned in the furrow, and the gay shouts of the light-hearted boys.

In a line of marvelous straightness, Younkins guided the leading yoke of cattle directly toward the creek on the other side of which Charlie yet stood, a tall but animated landmark. When, after descending the gradual slope on which the land lay, the trees that bordered the stream hid the lad from view, it was decided sent back an answering cheer to the two boys that the furrow was long enough to mark the who were dancing around the massive and slow- westerly boundary line of the forty acres

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which it was intended to break up for the first corn-field on the farm. Then the oxen were turned, with some difficulty, at right angles with the line just drawn, and were driven easterly until the southern boundary of the patch was marked out. Turning now at right angles and tracing another line to the north, then again to the west to the point of original departure, they had accurately defined the outer boundaries of the field on which so much in the future depended; for here was to be planted the first crop of the new-comers.

Younkins, having started the settlers in their first farming, returned across the river to his own plow, first having sat down with the Dixon

snapping up the insects and worms which, astonished at the great upheaval, wriggled in the overturned turf.

"Looks sort er homelike here," said Younkins, with a pleased smile, as he drew his bench to the well-spread board and glanced around at the walls of the cabin, where the boys had already hung their fishing-tackle, guns, Oscar's violin, and a few odds and ends that gave a picturesque look to the long-deserted cabin.

"Yes," said Mr. Bryant, as he filled Younkins's tin cup with hot coffee, "our boys have all got the knack of making themselves at home,—runs in the blood, I guess, and if you come over here again in a day or two, you will



"SANDY SEIZED A HUGE PIECE OF THE FRESHLY TURNED SOD, AND WAVING IT OVER HIS HEAD CRIED, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE FIRST SOD OF BLEEDING KANSAS!"

party to a substantial dinner. For the boys, after the first few furrows were satisfactorily turned, had gone back to the cabin and made ready the noon meal. The plowmen, when they came to the cabin in answer to Sandy's whoop from the roof, had made a considerable beginning in the field. They had gone around within the outer edge of the plantation that was to be, leaving with each circuit a broader band of black and shining loam over which a flock of birds hopped and swept with eager movements,

probably find us with rugs on the floor and pictures on the walls. Sandy is a master-hand at hunting, and he intends to get a dozen buffaloskins out of hand, so to speak, right away." And he looked fondly at his freckled nephew as he spoke.

"A dibble and a corn-dropper will be more in his way than the rifle, for some weeks to come," said Mr. Howell.

"What 's a dibble?" asked both of the youngsters at once.

The elder man smiled and looked at Younkins as he said, "A dibble, my lambs, is an instrument for the planting of corn. With it in one hand you punch a hole in the sod that has been turned over, and then, with the other hand, you drop in three or four grains of corn from the corn-dropper, cover it with your heel, and there you are,—planted."

"Why, I supposed we were going to plant corn with a hoe; and we've got the hoes, too!" cried Oscar.

"No, my son," said his father; "if we were to plant corn with a hoe, we should n't get through planting before next fall, I am afraid. After dinner, we will make some dibbles for you boys, for you must begin to drop corn to-morrow. What plowing we have done to-day, you can easily catch up with when you begin. And the three of you can all be on the furrow at once, if that seems worth while."

The boys very soon understood fully what a dibble was, and what a corn-dropper was, strange though those implements were to them at first. Before the end of planting-time, they fervently wished they had never seen either of these instruments of the corn-planter.

With the aid of a few rude tools, there was fashioned a staff from the tough hickory that grew near at hand, the lower part of the stick being thick and pointed at the end. The staff was about as high as would come up to a boy's shoulder, so that as he grasped it near the upper end, his arm being bent, the lower end was on the ground. The upper end was whittled so as to make a convenient handle for the user. The lower end was shaped carefully into something like the convex sides of two spoons put together by their bowls, and the lower edge of this part was shaved down to a sharpness that was increased by slightly scorching it in the fire. Just above the thickest part of the dibble, a hole was bored at right angles through the wood, and into this a peg was driven so that several inches stuck out on both sides of the instrument. This completed the dibble.

"So that is a dibble, is it?" said Oscar, when the first one was shown him. "A dibble. Now let's see how you use it."

Thereupon his Uncle Aleck stood up, grasped the staff by the upper end, pressed his foot on the peg at the lower end of the tool and so forced the sharp point of the dibble downward into the earth. Then, drawing it out, a convex slit was shown in the elastic turf. Shaking an imaginary grain of corn into the hole, he closed it with a stamp of his heel, stepped on and repeated the motion a few times, and then said; "That 's how they plant corn on the sod in Kansas."

"Uncle Aleck, what a lot you know!" said Oscar, with undisguised admiration.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bryant, taking a pair of old boots, cut off the legs just above the ankles, and, fastening in the lower end of each a round bit of wood, by means of small nails, quickly made a pair of corn-droppers. Sandy's belt, being passed through the loop-strap of one of these, was fastened around his waist. The dropper was to be filled with corn, and, thus accoutered, he was ready for doing duty in the newly plowed field. When the lad expressed his impatience for another day to come so that he could begin corn-planting, the two elders of the family laughed outright.

"Sandy, boy, you will be glad when to-morrow night comes, so that you can rest from your labors. You remember what I tell you!" said his father.

Nevertheless, when the two boys stepped bravely out, next morning, in the wake of the breaking-team, they were not in the least dismayed by the prospect of working all day in the heavy furrows of the plow. Bryant drove the leading yoke of oxen, Charlie tried his 'prentice hand with the second yoke, and Howell held the plow.

"' He that by the plow would thrive, Must either hold the plow or drive,"

commented Oscar, filling his corn-dropper and eying his father's rather awkward handling of the ox-goad. Uncle Aleck had usually driven the cattle, but his hand was now required in the more difficult business of holding the plow.

"'Plow deep while sluggards sleep,'" replied his father; "and if you don't manage better with dropping corn than I do with driving these oxen we shall have a short crop."

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Aleck? and how many bushels to the acre?" asked Oscar.

"Not more than five grains nor less than three is the rule, my boy. Now then, step out lively."

And the big team swept down the slope, leaving a broad and shining furrow behind it. The two boys followed, one about twenty feet behind the other, and when the hindermost had come

off along the ground, tumbling in the grass as if desperately wounded and unable to fly. Sandy made a rush for the bird, which barely eluded his clutches once or twice, and drew him on and on in a fruitless chase, for the timid creature soon recovered the use of its wings, and soaring aloft, disappeared in the depths of the sky.

"That's the deceivingest bird I ever saw," panted Sandy, out of breath with running, and

looking shamefacedly at the corn which he had spilled in his haste to catch his prey. "Why, it acted just as if its right wing was broken, and then it flew off as sound as a nut, for all I could see."

When the plowmen met them, on the next turn of the team, Uncle Aleck said, "Did you catch the lapwing, you silly boy? That fellow fooled you nicely."

"Lapwing?" said Sandy, puzzled. "What's a lapwing?" But the plowmen were already out of earshot.

"Oh, I know now," said Oscar.
"I've read of the lapwing; it is a bird so devoted to its young, or its nest, that when it fancies either in danger, it assumes all the distress of a wounded thing, and, fluttering along the ground, draws the sportsman away from the locality."

"Right out of a book, Oscar!" cried Sandy. "And here 's its nest, as sure as I 'm alive!" So saying, the lad stooped and, parting the grass with his hands, disclosed a pretty nest sunk in the ground, holding five finely speckled eggs. The bird, so lately playing the cripple, swooped

and circled around the heads of the boys as they peered into the home of the lapwing.

"Well, here's an actual settler that we must disturb, Sandy," said Oscar; "for the plow will smash right through this nest on the very next turn. Suppose we take it up and put it somewhere else, out of harm's way?"



SANDY AND OSCAR PLANTING CORN WITH DIBBLES.

up to the work of him who was ahead, he skipped the planted part and went on ahead of his comrade twenty feet, thus alternating each with the other. They were cheerily at work when, apparently from under the feet of the forward yoke of oxen, a bird somewhat bigger than a robin flew up with shrieks of alarm and then went fluttering "I'm willing," assented Sandy; and the two boys, carefully extracting the nest from its place, carried it well over into the plowed ground, where under the lee of a thick turf it was left in safety. But, as might have been expected, the parent lapwing never went near that nest again. The fright had been too great.

"What in the world are you two boys up to now?" shouted Uncle Aleck from the other side of the plowing. "Do you call that dropping corn? Hurry and catch up with the team; you are 'way behind."

"Great Scott!" cried Sandy, "I had clean forgotten the corn-dropping. A nice pair of farmers we are, Oscar!" and the lad, with might and main, began to close rapidly the long gap between him and the steadily moving ox-team.

"Leg-weary work, is n't it, Sandy?" said his father, when they stopped at noon to take the luncheon they had brought out into the field with them.

"Yes, and I'm terribly hungry," returned the boy, biting into a huge piece of cold corn bread. "I should n't eat this if I were at home, and I should n't eat it now if I were n't as hungry as a bear. Say, daddy, you cannot think how tired my leg is with the punching of that dibble into the sod; seems as if I could n't hold out till sundown; but I suppose I shall. First I punch a hole by jamming down the dibble with my foot, and then I kick the hole again with the same foot, after I have dropped in the grains of corn. Those two motions are dreadfully tiresome."

"Yes," said his uncle, with a short laugh, "and while I was watching you and Oscar, this forenoon, I could n't help thinking that you did not yet know how to make your muscles bear an equal strain. Suppose you try changing legs?"

"Changing legs?" exclaimed both boys at once. "Why, how could we exchange legs?"

"I know what Uncle Aleck means. I saw you always used the right leg to jam down the dibble with, and then you kicked the hole full with the right heel. No wonder your right legs are tired. Change hands and legs, once in a while and use the dibble on the left side of you," said Charlie, whose driving had tired him quite as thoroughly.

"Is n't Charlie too awfully knowing for anything, Oscar?" said Sandy with some sarcasm. Nevertheless, the lad got up, tried the dibble with his left hand, and saying, "Thanks, Charlie," dropped down upon the fragrant sod and was speedily asleep, for a generous nooning was allowed the industrious lads.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### AN INDIAN TRAIL.

THE next day was Sunday, and, true to their New England training, the settlers refrained from labor on the day of rest. Mr. Bryant took his pocket Bible and wandered off into the wild waste of lands somewhere. The others lounged about the cabin, indoors and out, a trifle sore and stiff from the effects of work so much harder than that to which they had been accustomed, and glad of an opportunity to rest their limbs. The younger of the boy settlers complained that they had worn their legs out with punching holes in the sod while planting corn. The soles of their feet were sore with the pressure needed to jam the dibble through the tough turf. In the afternoon, they all wandered off through the sweet and silent wilderness of rolling prairie into the woods in which they proposed to lay off another claim for preëmption. At a short distance above their present home, cutting sharply through the sod, and crossing the Republican Fork a mile or so above their own ford, was an old Indian trail, which the boys had before noticed but could not understand. As Charlie and Oscar, pressing on ahead of their elders, came upon the old trail, they loitered about until the rest of the party came up, and then they asked what could have cut that narrow track in the turf, so deep and so narrow.

"That's an Injun trail," said Younkins, who, with an uncomfortably new suit of Sunday clothes and a smooth-shaven face, had come over to visit his new neighbors. "Did n't you ever see an Injun trail before?" he asked, noting the look of eager curiosity on the faces of the boys. They assured him that they never had, and he continued: "This yere trail has been yere for years and years, long and long before any white folks came into the country.

Up north and east of yere, on the headwaters of the Big Blue, the Cheyennes used to live "—Younkins pronounced it Shyans,—" and as soon as the grass began to start in the spring, so as to give feed to their ponies and to the buffalo, they would come down this yere way for game. They crossed the Fork just above yere-like, and then they struck down to the headwaters of the Smoky Hill and so off to the westwards. Big game was plenty in those days, and now the Indians off to the north of yere come down in just the same way—hunting for game."

The boys got down on their knees and scanned the trail with new interest. It was not more than nine or ten inches across, and was so worn down that it made a narrow trench, as it were, in the deep sod, its lower surface being as smooth as a rolled wagon-track. Over this well-worn track, for ages past, the hurrying feet of wild tribes had passed so many times that even the wiry grass-roots had been killed down.

"Did war parties ever go out on this trail, do you suppose?" asked Sandy, sitting up in the grass.

"Sakes alive, yes!" replied Younkins. "Why, the Cheyennes and the Comanches used to roam over all these plains, in the old times, and they were mostly at war."

"Where are the Cheyennes and the Comanches now, Mr. Younkins?" asked Uncle Aleck.

"I reckon the Comanches are off to the southlike somewhere. It appears to me that I heard they were down off the Texas border, somewheres; the Cheyennes are to the westwards, somewhere near Fort Laramie."

"And what Indians are there who use this trail now?" inquired Oscar, whose eyes were sparkling with excitement as he studied the well-worn path of the Indian tribes.

Younkins explained that the Pottawottomies and the Pawnees, now located to the north, were the only ones who used the trail. "Blanket Indians" he said they were, peaceable creatures enough, but not good neighbors; he did not want any Indians of any sort near him. When one of the boys asked what blanket Indians were, Younkins explained:

"There's three kinds of Indians, none on'em good: town Injuns, blanket Injuns, and wild

Injuns. You saw some of the town Injuns when you came up through the Delaware reserve - great lazy fellows, lyin' round the house all day and letting the squaws do all the work. Then there's the blankets; they live out in the woods and on the prairie, in teepees, or lodges, of skins and canvas-like, moving round from place to place, hunting over the plains in summer, and living off'n the Gov'ment in winter. They are mostly at peace with the whites, but they will steal whenever they get a chance. The other kind, and the worst, is the wild ones. They have nothing to do with the Government, and they make war on the whites whenever they feel like it. Just now, I don't know of any wild Injuns that are at war with Uncle Sam; but the Arapahoes, Comanches, and Chevennes are all likely to break loose any time. I give 'em all a plenty of elbow room."

As the boys reluctantly ceased contemplating the fascinating Indian trail and moved on behind the rest of the party, Charlie said: "I suppose we must make allowance for Younkins's prejudices. He is like most of the border men, who believe that all the good Indians are dead. If the Cheyennes and the Comanches could only tell their story in the books and newspapers, we might hear the other side."

The idea of a wild Indian's writing a book or a letter to the newspapers tickled Sandy so much that he laughed loud and long.

Some two miles above the point where the settlers' ford crossed the Republican Fork, the stream swept around a bluffy promontory, and on a curve just above this was the tract of timber land which they now proposed to enter upon for their second claim. The trees were oak, hickory, and beech, with a slight undergrowth of young cottonwoods and hazel. The land lay prettily, the stream at this point flowing in a southerly direction, with the timber claim on its northwesterly bank. The sunny exposure of the grove, the open glades that diversified its dense growth, and the babbling brook that wound its way through it to the river, all combined to make it very desirable for a timber claim. At a short distance from the river the land rose gradually to a high ridge, and on the top of this grew a thick wood of spruce and fir.

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"That 's what you want for your next cabin,"

said Younkins, pointing his finger in the direction of the pines. "Best kind of stuff for building there is in these parts." Then he explained to the boys the process of cutting down the trees, splitting them up into shakes, or into lengths suitable for cabin-building, and he gave them an entertaining account of all the ways and means of finishing up a log-cabin, a process, by the way, which they found then more entertaining in description than they afterward found it in the reality.

That night when Sandy lay down to refreshing sleep it was to dream of picturesque Indian fights witnessed at a safe distance from afar. Accordingly, he was not very much surprised next morning, while he was helping Charlie to get ready the breakfast, that Oscar ran in breathless, with the one word, "Indians!"

"Come out on the hill back of the cabin," panted Oscar. "There's a lot of 'em coming out on the trail we saw yesterday, all in Indian file. Hurry up!" and away he darted, Sandy hastening with him to see the wonderful sight.

Sure enough, there they were, twenty-five or thirty Indians-blanket Indians, as Younkins would have said-strung along in the narrow trail, all in Indian file. It amazed the lads to see how the little Indian ponies managed to keep their feet in the narrow trail. But they seemed to trot leisurely along with one foot before the other, just as the Indians did. Behind the mounted men were men and boys on foot nearly as many as had passed on horseback. These kept up with the others, silently but swiftly maintaining the same pace that the mounted fellows did. It was a picturesque and novel sight to the young settlers. The Indians were dressed in the true frontier style, with hunting-shirt and leggings of dressed deerskin, a blanket slung loosely over the shoulder, all bareheaded, and with coarse black hair flowing in the morning breeze, except for the loose knot in which it was twisted behind. Some of them carried their guns slung on their backs, but most of them had the weapons in their hands, ready for firing on the instant.

"There they go, over the divide," said Oscar, as the little cavalcade reached the last swale of the prairie and began to disappear on the other side. Not one of the party deigned even

to look in the direction of the wondering boys; and if they saw them, as they probably did, they made no sign.

"There they go, hunting buffalo, I suppose," said Sandy, with a sigh, as the last Indian of the file disappeared down the horizon. "Dear me! don't I wish I was going out after buffalo, instead of having to dibble corn into the sod all day! Waugh! Don't I hate it!" and the boy turned disconsolately back to the cabin. But he rallied with his natural good-humor when he had his tale to tell at the breakfast table. He eagerly told how they had seen Indians passing over the old trail, and had gazed on the redskins as they went "on the warpath."

"Warpath indeed!" laughed Charlie. "Pothunters, that's what they are. All the warfare they are up to is waged on the poor innocent buffalo that Younkins says they are killing off and making scarcer every year."

"If nobody but Indians killed buffalo," said Mr. Bryant, "there would be no danger of their ever being all killed off. But, in course of time, I suppose this country will all be settled up, and then there will be railroads, and after that the buffalo will have to go. Just now, any white man that can't saddle his horse and go out and kill a buffalo before breakfast thinks they are getting scarce. But I have heard some of the soldiers say that away up north of here, a little later in the season, settlers cannot keep their crops, the buffalo roam all over everything so."

"For my part," put in Charlie, "I am not in the least afraid that the buffalo will be so plenty around these parts that they will hurt our crops; but I'd just like to see a herd come within shooting distance." And here he raised his arms and took aim along an imaginary rifle.

Later in the forenoon, when the two younger boys had reached the end of the two rows in which they had been planting, Sandy straightened himself up with an effort and said: "This is leg-weary work, is n't it, Oscar? I hate work, anyhow," he added, discontentedly, leaning on the top of his dibble and looking off over the wide and green prairie that stretched toward the setting sun. "I wish I was an Indian."

Oscar burst into a laugh, and said, "Wish you were an Indian!—so you could go hunting



"SURE ENOUGH, THERE THEY WERE, TWENTY-FIVE OR THIRTY INDIANS."

when you like and not have any work to do? Why, Sandy, I didn't think that of you."

Sandy colored faintly and said, "Well, I do hate work, honestly; and it is only because I know that I ought, and that father expects me to do my share, that I do it and never grumble about it. Say, I never do grumble, do I, Oscar?" he asked earnestly.

"Only once in a while, when you can't help it, Sandy. I don't like work any better than you do; but it's no use talking about it, we've got to do it."

"I always feel so in the spring," said Sandy sententiously and with a little sigh as he went pegging away down another furrow.

Forty acres of land was all that the settlers intended to plant with corn, for the first year. Forty acres does not seem a very large tract of land to speak of, but when one sees the area marked out with a black furrow and realizes that every foot of it must be covered with the corn-planter, it looks formidable. The boys thought it was a very big piece of land when they regarded it in that way. But the days soon flew by, and even while the young workers were stumping over the field, they consoled themselves with visions of gigantic ripe watermelons and mammoth pumpkins and squashes that would regale their eyes before long. For, following the example of most Kansas farmers,

the fruit would be neither good melon nor grumble occasionally over their tasks.

they had stuck into many of the furrows with yet good squash, but a poor mixture of both. the corn the seeds of these easily grown vines. This piece of practical farming was not lost on "Keep the melons a good way from the Charlie; and when he undertook the planting pumpkins, and the squashes a good way from of the garden spot which they found near the both, if you don't want a bad mixture," said cabin, he took pains to separate the cucumber-Uncle Aleck to the boy settlers. Then he ex- beds as far as possible from the hills in which plained that if the pollen of the squash-blossoms he planted his cantaloup seeds. The boys were should happen to fall on the melon-blossoms, learning while they worked, even if they did

(To be continued.)

# OUT OF CHILDHOOD.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

" But thou and I are one in kind, As moulded like, in Nature's mint; And hill and wood and field did print The same sweet forms in either mind."- IN MEMORIAM.

THERE was a stream, low-voiced and shy; So narrow was the lazy tide, The reeds that grew on either side Crossed their green swords against the sky.

And in the stream a shallow boat, With prow thrust deep among the reeds And broad stern wound with water-weeds, Lay half aground and half afloat.

And in the boat, hand clasping hand, Two children sat as in a dream. Their eyes upon the lapsing stream, Their faces turned away from land.

They cared not for a little rift That came between them and the shore, And softly widened more and more, Till on the stream they lay adrift.

They murmured absently and low That presently they must return To their sweet stores of gathered fern, And tinted pebbles ranged in row.

Through limpid pools they drifted slow, They looked before and not behind, And fancied still they heard the wind That through the weeds went whispering low.

The lengthening ripples wore a crest-The white foam grew beneath the stern,

And murmuring still, "We will return," The river bore them on its breast.

They hailed the homeward-flitting bee, They smelled the rose upon the shore, The current widened more and more, The river bore them to the sea.

Now over ocean caves impearled Unheedingly they drift and drift, And know not that the little rift Has widened into half the world.

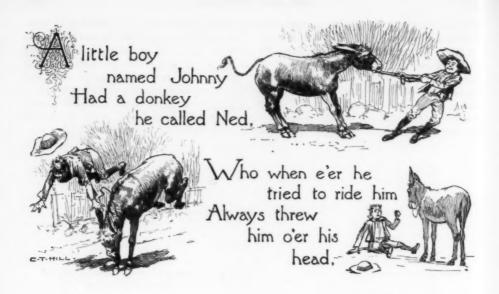
And like the pearls in ocean caves The vision of their lost delight Is whelmed and flooded out of sight, By thoughts on thoughts, like waves on waves.

And would they - what they never will, And could they - what they never can, Turn back through space as 't were a span, And stand again beside the rill,

Its shallow rhythm, as it glides Through tangled sedge and feathery ferns, Would vex the wakening sense, that learns The chant of winds, the sweep of tides.

Yet sometimes, when the wind is low, And sunken treasure of the caves Shines faintly upward through the waves, The old thought rises even so.

And while they watch as in a dream The circling drift of ocean-weeds, They babble still of those green reeds That crossed their swords above the stream.



# RHODA'S VISIT.

By AMY WILSON.

The Misses Dysart lived in a large, roomy house in one of the pleasantest of English country towns. They were amiable old ladies, always doing good works and little kindnesses, and greatly respected by the small circle in which they moved.

"I think, Elizabeth," said Miss Dysart one morning, as she and her younger sister were comfortably sipping their tea, "I really think we ought to ask poor Emily to come and stay with us. A little society would cheer her up, and she must be sadly worn out, caring for those children. Either she's very careless with them, or they 're unusually susceptible, for they seem

THE Misses Dysart lived in a large, roomy to catch every complaint that exists, and to ouse in one of the pleasantest of English counhave each one worse than the last."

"'Shoemaker's children are always the worst shod,' you know," said Elizabeth apologetically (her father used to say that if the arch-fiend appeared in person, Bessie would find an excuse for him). "I suppose it's the same with doctor's children!"

"I wish you would give up using such vulgar proverbs and would learn not to interrupt me," replied her sister. "I was going to say that if we do ask Emily, the best time would be now, before the spring cleaning, and while there would still be something going on to occupy

her"; and, rising from her chair, like one who had thoroughly made up her mind, she rang the bell twice, for prayers (ringing once would have meant "bring coals"), and settled herself at the little table by the window, spectacles on nose.

"Poor Emily" was the wife of Miss Dysart's youngest brother, and there really did seem to be some truth in her sister-in-law's assertion about the children. There were eight of them, and, after a stormy autumn of whooping-cough, they had all fallen easy victims to the measles, which had been raging all winter in the neighborhood where their father practised.

No doubt Mrs. Dysart was much to be pitied; but when their unlucky children were all in bed and asleep, she and her husband managed to laugh merrily over the way the invitation was worded.

"No, Edward, I won't go away until we can all go together, in spite of the attractions of the bazar, and the three missionary meetings; and — oh! no — your sisters are very kind, but I couldn't suggest taking Arthur, or even Georgie, with me. It puts them out so dreadfully, and, besides, the children are so spoilt and worried. They 're far less trouble if left at home, after all 's said and done."

At that moment the door opened and a little girl of about ten came noiselessly into the room in her night-gown. Her blue eyes were wide open and her feet were bare.

"Why, Rhoda, did you want me to tuck you in?" said Mrs. Dysart softly, and without showing any astonishment she took her little daughter by the hand and led her off to bed.

She came back in a few minutes with rather an anxious look on her cheerful face.

"I was so afraid she'd wake up and be frightened. Caroline was sitting in the nursery sewing, but she did not hear Rhoda go down."

"Numbers of children walk in their sleep," replied her husband reasoningly, as he cut the pages of his paper, a medical journal.

"Yes, I know—I used to, myself; but I 'm not happy about Rhoda. She 's grown so fast, and this is such a trying time of year for children when they 're not strong. I have an idea, Edward. Do you think your sisters would take her instead of me? She 's very little trouble, and the change to the south would do her all the

good in the world. I shall write this very night, and ask them."

Mrs. Dysart was a marvel of promptitude when once she made up her mind; and, in less than a week, Rhoda found herself driving up the steep streets which led to her aunts' house, with her modest little trunk, and a hamper of garden stuff, turkeys' eggs, and last year's apples, on the top of the cab. Her father had managed to take two days' holiday to go with her, and the journey had been great fun. There had been the importance of an early breakfast in the dining-room to begin with (though it was only Mrs. Dysart's decided, "Well, my dear, if you really can't eat anything I shall not be able to let you go," which had made Rhoda do justice to the unwonted luxuries of tea and bacon); then followed a vision of white-gowned, sleepy little brothers and sisters waving and kissing their hands from the nursery window as the carriage drove away; and before long Rhoda was glad to cuddle up to her father, and to sleep, too, while he tucked the railway rug round them both, and read his newspaper, and the train crawled through the flat green meadows. It was midday when they reached London, and as they drove through the crowded streets, Rhoda innocently asked if it was market-day, because there were so many people; to which her father answered that it was always marketday in London, and that the streets through which they were passing were only a very little bit of a very big city.

And then they were off again; only this time it was in an express-train, and they were rushing through a country most fair, - a country which brought a light into her father's eyes she had never seen there. He flung down the window, and pointed out, now Windsor Castle with its gray tower and waving flag; now the silvery reaches of the Thames, as it flashed for a moment into their sight, and then was lost among the trees, to reappear again directly as if by magic,-until they finally left it far behind, and sped on and on, through tunnels and among gray hills which looked mysterious in the fast waning daylight. Rhoda was very tired and sleepy when her father lifted her out of the cab at her aunts' door. " And now, little white-face, you must pop into bed, and mind you 're to be

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Mr. Dysart, when their supper was over.

A few minutes later Aunt Elizabeth climbed up the two flights of stairs to her small niece's room.

"Good-night, darling; you feel quite at home, don't you? and she gave the little girl a great many kisses as she spoke.

"Oh, yes, Auntie; thank you," said poor Rhoda politely (though as a matter of fact she had never felt less at home than at that moment, and was secretly wishing herself back again in her own little room, with the friendly lights and voices from the night nursery just opposite). But things always look brighter by day than by night; and, after the first wave of home-sickness was over, Rhoda soon began to enjoy all the strange sights of the town, and the beauty of the neighboring scenery, which in her eyes seemed fairy-like after the flatness of her own fenland home.

One wet Sunday afternoon she wrote this letter to her favorite brother:

MY DEAR ARCHIE:

I go to a dancing-class now. Its a large one. And once a week we don't do dancing but climb Ladders and things instead. They are awfully easy ones, much easier than the one up to the Hay-loft. I wish you were here. There's a robin making a nest in the garden behind the house. Its a very little Garden. Kiss Tozer for me and do save me some of the best seeds when Mother gets them. Your loving

RHODA.

And Archie wrote in answer:

DEAR RHODA: I very sorry I have n't written before. I gave your kiss to Tozer and he licked it off and sniffed. We have found three thrushes nests and I suppose you know that the one we found first was stolen they have all got eggs in. I had the hickups last Sunday in church but I found a very good way to stop them which was to squash my handkerchief down my throat. I am making a kettle-holder for the dining-room its a pot with a lot of steam coming out of the lid and grounded with red. I am your affectionate brother

ARCHIE.

Rhoda's father had forbidden her to study lessons until she should grow stronger, but his sisters' suggestion of dancing-lessons he had entirely approved.

"All young ladies ought to know how to dance and to walk gracefully," said Miss Dysart, as they were on their way to the academy where the lessons were given, "and you are just com-

quite fat and rosy when you come home," said ing to the awkward age when such teaching is most beneficial."

> Rhoda agreed, but as they entered the room with its rows upon rows of girls, big and little. she felt with dismay that she had reached the awkward age already. "This is my niece, Mr. Washington," said Miss Dysart to the dancingmaster, who came mincingly forward with his best bow; and then, with fifty pairs of eyes upon her, poor Rhoda had to confess that she did not know even the first position from the third, and she was led away to be drilled among the very tiniest ones, by a girl no taller than

> "We shall call for you again in an hour, my dear," said her aunt; and Rhoda, who was then standing painfully on one shaking foot and waving the other wildly in the air, tried to smile an assent, with the result that she lost her balance and nearly fell over backward.

> Presently they all sat down for a rest, and then the girls gathered into groups, and chattered and laughed. Rhoda found a quiet corner, and watched them with open eyes, for there were not many children near her own home, and she had never seen so many girls, nor heard the chatter of so many tongues wagging at the same time.

> Her fancy was particularly taken by three little girls, the eldest about her own age, the youngest quite a tiny child, whose dainty dancing she had watched with admiration. They were sitting demurely by a French governess, and were evidently sisters, for they were dressed alike in pretty velvet frocks, with black silk stockings and pointed shoes. "Real, grown-up shoes with heels," thought Rhoda, and she sighed as she looked at her own ankle-strap sandals, which were new, and consequently half a size too big. Her blue serge frock, too, with its loose sailor-bodice and plain skirt, seemed somehow out of place; although, had she known it, it was really more suitable than many of the gay costumes around her.

> The dress question was troubling Miss Dysart, for when she and her sister had paid their calls, and were on their way to the academy, she leaned back in the carriage and said:

> "I have been thinking about Rhoda's dresses, Elizabeth. I imagined, of course, she would

seems Emily buys a quantity of serge from the coastguards, and dresses all her children in it. Quite like a charity-school, and I shall tell her so."

"No doubt poor Emily tries to be economical, and I think she said something about there not being time to make a new frock," Miss Elizabeth put in with her apologetic little cough.

"As Rhoda is our niece, she must not look peculiar," continued Miss Dysart, disregarding her sister, "and I have been thinking about those two shawls we had for Edward's wedding. We shall never wear such gay colors again, and it seems a pity to keep them put away."

Miss Elizabeth was several years younger than her sister, and she felt a secret yearning after her shawl: but she was used to stifling her own wishes, so she murmured a faint as-

"Very well, then we'll see about it at once; and the 'Bible-woman' shall make them up."

The shawls in question were of a soft cashmere material; Mrs. Dysart's being of a rich chocolate color, while her sister's was of that bright shade of pink, neither salmon nor rose, which was fashionable a good many years ago.

But it happened that the "Bible-woman" was suffering from a bruised finger, and so the making of the dress had to be postponed for a little time.

Meanwhile Rhoda went on with the dancinglessons, and soon was able to take her place among the girls of her own age; in the gymnasium she had been quite at home from the beginning, thanks to her brother's training and a pair of wiry arms.

Now, of all the children she met at the academy, the most fascinating to her were three little sisters she had noticed there the first day. Once she had the happiness of dancing with the eldest of them, who told her that her name was Violet St. Ives, that her father was in India, and that her mother had just taken a house not very far from the one where the Misses Dysart lived.

"We have been here such a short time that we know hardly any of the girls," she added, in a pause of the latest polka.

"I don't know any, either," said Rhoda. She

have a Sunday frock - silk or poplin - but it would gladly have continued the conversation had not Violet's governess, who was sitting with her embroidery at the other end of the room, signaled to them to go on dancing, which they accordingly did.

> That day, as Rhoda was running upstairs to get ready for dinner, the housemaid, who was young and friendly, paused in her scrubbing to say, "Please, Miss, your dress is come. You'll have something fine to wear now."

> The "Bible-woman" was an excellent person in her own profession, but as a dressmaker she did not rank very high. She had done her best, no doubt, and Rhoda had really stood very still to be fitted, but when the little girl saw the dress finished and laid out on the bed, her heart fairly sank within her. The skirt had been made of the pink material with a heavy flounce of the chocolate laid on it, and there was a chocolate polonaise with a good many little pink bows dotted about it; and instead of doing up simply as her frocks were always made, it fastened with big buttons in the front and had a bewildering number of tapes to tie at the back.

> Rhoda's politeness was never so strained as when she thanked her aunts for their kind present; and that evening before going to bed, when she looked at the frock hanging in the big closet with the glass door, she could hardly suppress a groan.

> "I 'm afraid it 's going to be wet, Aunty," she said on the morning of the next dancingday, "so perhaps I'd better put on my old frock."

> "I'm glad to find you are so careful, my dear," said Miss Dysart, approvingly; "but if it rains you need not go on foot; so run along and get ready."

Her last hope gone, and the rain being only an April shower, she wriggled herself into the objectionable frock and started, arriving at the dancing-room just as the other girls were taking their places.

They all looked up as she came in, and Rhoda thought regretfully of her plain old dress, as the big mirrors at each end of the room reflected the pink and brown figure again and again with cruel distinctness, while a faint smile was clearly visible on several faces.

The three little sisters were there in pretty

new gray flannel frocks, and Rhoda was glad to sneak into her place as far behind them as possible.

Before long the exercises were over, and then they all stood up for the quadrille. Rhoda heard her name called, and, just at that moment her partner, a big girl who had wished to dance with someone else, whispered rather ill-naturedly, "I think your dress is coming to bits"; she turned round hastily to the mirror, and, sure enough, there was a long white tape trailing on the ground. In vain she stood upon one leg and made a frantic grab at it. The "Biblewoman's" sewing was conscientiously finished off, and all the tugging seemed only to make matters worse. She was in the act of tying it up somehow, when the dancing-master's voice sounded clearly through the room: "When you have quite finished admiring yourself in the glass, Miss Dysart, we shall all be glad to begin the quadrille!"

There was a suppressed titter among the least well-mannered of the girls, and poor Rhoda felt her cheeks growing pinker than the unlucky frock which was the cause of her confusion. The hot tears bubbled up into her eyes; but she was too proud to let them fall, although she was young enough to feel that her whole life was blighted by this cruel accusation. At last the quadrille was over, and, while several advanced pupils stood up for a Spanish dance, Rhoda sat down on the nearest seat and felt it would have been a relief if the floor had opened beneath her.

She was too miserable to notice that Violet St. Ives had left her place to whisper something to a lady who was sitting near, and she looked up with surprise when the same lady came and sat down by her.

"I think you must be the little Rhoda about whom Violet has told me?"

Rhoda nodded assent, and the lady went on: "Well, I 'm her mother, and I used to know your father when I was a little girl,—ever so many years ago. I 'm afraid your aunts will have forgotten all about me, but I must ask them if they will let me call on them, and perhaps they would spare you to come to tea with us some day."

Rhoda's cheeks turned pink again, but this Rhoda nicely. Why, here she is!" And be-

time it was with pleasure, "Oh, I should like to come very much," she said quickly, losing all her shyness as she looked into the face beside her; for she thought she had never seen one so kind or so pretty.

"And now," said Mrs. St. Ives, after a few more friendly words, speaking to Rhoda quite as if addressing one of her own children, "stand up, and let me see if I can mend your frock for you. I don't think there 's any great damage done. There! That 's all right now"; and then, as the lesson was over, she added: "Good-by; I must go and find my chicks, but we shall meet again before very long." Mrs. St. Ives was as good as her word; and, though Miss Dysart said it was a very unusual thing to call before you had been called upon, she received her most graciously, and it was agreed that Rhoda might join the St. Ives children in their daily walk.

"They will so much enjoy having her!" Mrs. St. Ives said, as she rose to take her leave, "and I will tell Mademoiselle to look out for her tomorrow." Mademoiselle was punctual to the moment, and Rhoda thought she had nevertaken so pleasant a walk,—though at first she was rather awed by their all chatting together in French, until Violet kindly put her at her ease.

"There's nothing in our knowing French," she said; "we've been in France so often, and Mademoiselle has been our governess such a long time. I expect you know ever so much more arithmetic than we do. And what fun it must be when one has brothers! Do tell us about yours."

After that Rhoda spent few lonely days; for her new friends seemed always to have on foot some pleasant plan in which she must share. It was Mrs. St. Ives, too, who got Miss Dysart's consent to her having another new dress; though how she brought it about, Rhoda never quite knew. But one day she was sent for by her aunt, and as she entered the drawing-room she caught the words: "Just now I'm employing a very nice young girl who had been obliged to leave service on account of her health. So it would be quite a charity if you could find her a little work. She has the pattern of that gray frock of Violet's that you liked. It would suit Rhoda nicely. Why here she is!" And be-

fore she knew what had happened Mrs. St. Ives had carried her off to be measured.

ones, and keepsakes for herself, that she was boys will be sure to laugh at me in it!"

"This is the frock, Mother," said Rhoda, as together they were unpacking the trunk the At last the visit came to an end, and Rhoda's night of her arrival home. "Need I wear it? trunk was so filled with treasures for the little It's so dreadfully ugly, and I know that the

> "No, dear, I don't think so," replied her mother kindly. "Pink and brown will both take blue. so we 'll have it dyed a dark navy, and you yourself shall make it up for Caroline's younger sister."

> The friendship between Rhoda and Violet proved a lasting one; and no summer was considered complete unless Violet spent a few weeks of it in the Dysarts' countryhouse, where she was taught to play cricket, to care for the babies, and even to climb "the ladder up to the hayloft" with an agility which would have terrified poor Mademoiselle into hysterics. And every winter Rhoda returned the visit.

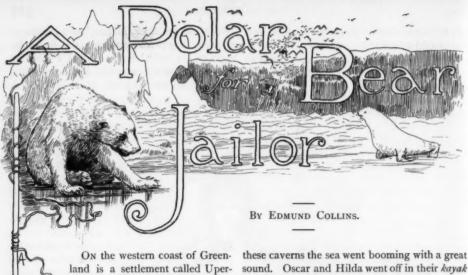
It is a very old joke between the two girls, but even

now, if she is ever dreamy or inattenobliged to borrow a box for her less interesting tive, Violet is sure to say: "When you've quite possessions. Violet and she broke a threepenny finished admiring yourself, Miss Dysart"; and bit between them by way of a farewell ceremony, the funny thing about it is that Rhoda does not



"" WHEN YOU 'VE QUITE FINISHED ADMIRING YOURSELF, MISS DYSART, WE SHALL ALL BE GLAD TO BEGIN THE QUADRILLE!" SAID THE DANCING-MASTER."

and many were the tears shed on both sides. mind it at all!



On the western coast of Greenland is a settlement called Upernavik. It is peopled partly by Eskimos and partly by Danes. In this settlement dwelt a Danish clergyman, Olaf Neilson by name, with a son and a daughter: Oscar, eighteen years old, and Hilda, sixteen.

Early in June of each year, it was the custom of the good clergyman Olaf to make a tour up or down the coast for a distance of about one hundred miles, preaching during his absence to the natives in their own tongue, and to the Danes in Danish.

In early summer, Oscar frequently went hunting walrus and seal, with his gun or spear. It is well known that this cold, cheerless coast is never without icebergs. In the winter they are found in Baffin's Bay, and movea little northward or southward at each turn of the tide. In summer many move close to the coast, or start away on a tour through southern waters. One June an iceberg thus drifted straight to the mouth of the harbor of Upernavik. There it grounded, and the in-shore wind pressed it with great force up into the jaws of the harbor. So large was the mass that the wind blowing in from it was chilled to below the freezing point, and nipped all the flowers, buds, and grasses that had appeared in the valley. The sun honeycombed it, and left huge dark caves in many parts close to the water's edge, and into

these caverns the sea went booming with a great sound. Oscar and Hilda went off in their kayak to see it; and they noticed that the quiet pools which had formed in the caves were the resort of seals and walruses during part of the day.

"I shall have some good spearing there," said Oscar, as they turned their kayak toward home. So he ground his spear sharp, and oiled the barbs at the point, which was shaped like an arrow: bent a new line to the handle and the next day set out alone in the kayak. while, Hilda went up the valley for the goats. Her parting words to her brother were to be careful and to keep watch for bears, as this was a favorite haunt of the shaggy and fierce polar These insatiable brutes prowled about the rocks constantly during the day, pouncing upon and rending the unsuspecting seals. At night they hid themselves among the scrub-firs and white birches, and many a defenseless reindeer went down under a blow of their cruel paws.

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Pulling his kayak up on the rocks, Oscar proceeded out to the berg. In its contact with the reefs and rocks, several blocks of ice had become detached from the main body, and these, driven in by the wind and sea, formed a bridge between the land and the chill island of ice. Round about the berg a number of black heads were constantly bobbing above the surface, and here and there Oscar could make out the ungainly form of a walrus. The black heads were those of seals.

The base of the berg was not less than two

acres in area, and from it rose to a considerable height two columns of dark-blue ice somewhat resembling towers in form. One of these was honeycombed at the base, and through the sides of the low flat mass upon which the towers rested were various openings, so that when an ocean swell came rolling in, it went through these perforations with a piping sound. Several seals and walruses passed in and out through them, during the time Oscar sat upon a huge ice-block thinking out his best course of action. He decided that he would enter the main cave in the ice tower, hide there, and wait.

Moving along carefully, with the coil of line hanging upon his shoulder and the spear in his hand, he entered the dim, cold cave. It was hollowed out irregularly, and resembled a cave in a cliff where the rock is rent and you are not sure but that a boulder will fall upon you at any moment. The open space, Oscar told me, was about forty feet square, and in the center of it, dipping eight or ten feet below the floor of the passage-way, was a deep pool of water covering about half the area of the floor of the cave. Into this a large, square block of ice had fallen from the roof.

How fortunate its presence was will soon appear!

Oscar crouched down on the cold gray ice, his spear grasped in his hand, and his coil of rope lying beside him with one end fastened to his wrist. A gurgling sound, as of hurrying water on the other side of the pool, came to him, and he watched and listened to make out the cause. Presently he saw two round black heads disappear as if they had gone through the ice at the place whence the sound came, and then four or five other heads of seals bobbed up, as if they had entered the little lake from that point. He knew then that it must be a passage leading to the sea.

But while the gurgling sound of the water came to him from the pool, he heard a slighter and different noise coming from the mouth of the cave by which he had entered. Turning, he saw, to his unspeakable horror, a huge polar bear, its shaggy hide dripping water! The beast had seen him and was hulking along toward him. Oscar turned and faced it for a moment — but what could he do with his spear

against such an assailant? The spear could never go through that shaggy coat and thick hide. How the animal's claws spread and stretched over the ice as it came along!

There was no use now in repenting his folly in not having brought his father's heavy gun. What was he to do? All this passed like lightning through his mind. He quickly retreated a short distance, but he was stopped by the pool which at one point touched the side of the cave. The bear still hulked toward him, and in the dim light of the place its eyeballs smoldered like phosphorescent flame. Nearer and nearer it came, now crouching lower, its muzzle thrust out, and its claws stretching farther than ever from its feet.

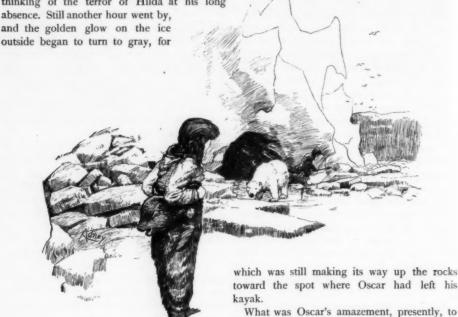
There was only one course. Oscar sprang into the icy water, and in three or four strokes was close to the ice-cube. His spear and coil of rope were upon his shoulder, and by driving the spear into the hard blue cube he was enabled to get upon it. It was just large enough to bear his weight: but he was obliged to stand very still on the middle of it to prevent it from heeling to one side and sliding him into the water. It was almost as dark as night in the pool, and Oscar could see the two glowering eyes of the bear looking down upon him. He thought no more of spearing seal or walrus. What if the bear should plunge down? It would be well, Oscar thought, for he could jump off the ice-cube, land on the farther side, scale the rough ice with the aid of his spear, and escape by the way he had come before the bear could overtake him. But the beast did not come into the pool. It turned away from the brink, and for two hours - two hours of wet, and cold, and terror - Oscar did not see the bear again. Perhaps it had left the cave when it found that it had lost its prey.

Then Oscar resolved to go to the top again and sprang into the water, climbing hastily by the easiest way to the floor of the cavern. To his utter dismay he saw the great brute lying on the ice close to the cave's mouth! Its instinct had taught it that the prey of which it had been balked could go in and out only by this opening. It did not look toward the pool, but lay there dozing or sleeping, now and again moving its head or one of its legs.

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it must be late in the afternoon, for the sun shone you may be sure Oscar was not long in getting yellow on the ice beyond the mouth of the outside of this terrible dungeon. The bear was cavern. Still his savage jailer made no move; at a safe distance from him, pursuing the seal, still Oscar sat, not moving from the lump of ice, thinking of the terror of Hilda at his long absence. Still another hour went by, and the golden glow on the ice

Hour after hour passed, until Oscar knew that disappeared, making after this new prey, and



HILDA RESCUES HER BROTHER.

the sun was below the hills that sheltered Upernavik.

The horror of the situation was now plain before Oscar's eyes. The bear could exist days and days without food, and might remain where it was for that length of time. And what was to become of him! He murmured the prayers his father had taught him, and tried to be calm. But how could he?

Another half-hour of terror passed, and then Oscar saw the bear spring to its feet, thrust out its head, and make for the opening of the cavern. Oscar held his breath, and, peering out, saw a seal slowly crossing the great ice platform, making for the rocks. The bear swiftly

which was still making its way up the rocks toward the spot where Oscar had left his

see the seal stand up, throw back the fur from its head and shoulders and turn into a girl!ves, into his own dear sister Hilda!

She shouted aloud and waved her handkerchief. The bear, evidently disconcerted, turned, ran lumberingly up a gulch, and disappeared into a tangle of ground-firs.

When the brother and sister met their joy was so great that neither could speak a word. Hilda, borrowing another kayak, had come to look for Oscar, and had seen the bear at the mouth of the cave. At once suspecting the cause of her brother's absence, she went home, got the skin, and personated a seal, with the complete success I have recorded.

This good, kind family are still in Greenland, and their names are always mentioned with affection and almost with reverence by the people of that cold and desolate coast.

# AN OPINION.

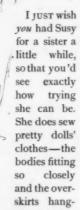
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

My grandma says that little boys Make too much noise -Considering of course their size. She 's very wise! I think the birds up in the trees, The chippy-wees, Are noisier by far than I, And don't half try. And then the noise made on the pane By drops of rain, That patter early, patter late, Is very great! And so, I say, it seems to me, To noisy be Is what you should expect at all Times, from the small.



# HE ALLIGATORS' FUNERAL.

BY ELIZABETH BISLAND.



ing so beautifully— and she can set the tea-table for our dolls' parties, so that all the girls say, "Why, Annie! I should think you'd be glad to have such a sister,"—and of course I am, but then they don't know what aggravating things she says. I suppose I 've been real mad with Susy about the alligators as many as a dozen times. She hurt my feelings about them nearly every day until the poor little darlings died. She used to call them, "Those ill-smelling little saurians of yours," until I 'd cry.

The way we came to have the alligators was this. You see, whenever papa comes home in the evening, he brings something for us in his pockets. As soon as we hear the big plantation-bell ring at sundown, for the hands to come in from work, we run down to the gate by the road that goes to the quarters, and wait for papa. We can see all the negroes coming in from the cane-fields with their hoes over their shoulders.

Well, when we see them coming in we know papa will be coming, in a minute. Soon he rides up on his big black horse, and Jack and Harry and I go tearing out to meet him. When he gets down and hitches "Wanderer" to the orange-tree by the gallery, we search in his pockets and always find something he has brought for us in them—maybe different sorts

of eggs, or a lot of pretty yellow and pink lichen from the swamp,—Jack and I make frames for photographs out of it on rainy days. And sometimes it 's a rattlesnake's rattle, or a set of quills some little darky has made out of brake-cane. Harry can play "Johnny in the Low Grounds," and "H'ist them Diamond Windows," just splendidly on the quills.

But the greatest fun was when he brought that tin bucket, and would n't tell us what was in it, all the way up to the house, and we guessed and guessed, and never got it right until he took off the cover, and there were three darling little alligators each no longer than a pencil. We just screamed, we were so pleased. They crawled all over each other, poked up their dear little noses, and winked. We rushed in to show them to mama, but Susy would n't let us stay.

"Take out those dreadful little brutes, instantly!" That 's exactly what she said — and she said, "Oh! how horribly that swamp-mud smells," and then she sprinkled cologne round the room. That 's all the consideration she has for my feelings.

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We took them out to the kitchen, and played with them there. Aunt Patsey always lets us do anything we please in the kitchen. She lets us roll out biscuits, and cut out cookies, and mark the pie-crusts with a fork. She 's just the nicest cook I ever was acquainted with.

So Jack sawed off the bottom of a keg—the one that used to have molasses in it—and we put some mud in it and poured in a lot of water, and put in a chunk of wood for the alligators to come and sit on. They were just as happy as they could be. Their skins were n't hard and scaly like the old alligators'; they were all shiny and black, with yellow stripes down their backs, and white below. And they had beautiful pink mouths, where you could see the teeny-tiny teeth that are so sharp and dreadful when they are grown up.

They 'd swim around and poke up their heads,

meal we'd give them. And they were such nice pets, because if we forgot to feed them for a week it did n't make a bit of difference, they got on just as well. But one night it was awfully cold, and the next morning they were frozen into the water. They had come to the toppoor darlings! - and only their precious noses were sticking out above the ice.

Oh, how we cried! Harry just howled. But papa heard us, and called to us to bring them into the sitting-room by the fire. We laid them down on the rug and moved the fender and let all the fire shine right on them, and in about two minutes they began to twitch their tails, and then they squirmed a little and began to kick their feet, and in half an hour they were just as well as ever. Then they commenced to chase each other round the rug, and that was the way we found out they could play; and every morning after that we brought them into the sitting-room and had a regular romp. They 'd get under the chairs, and when we called to them they'd rush out at us with their mouths wide open, and with such a funny little squeak.

I tell you we just loved those alligators! We liked them better than our rabbits, or the guineapigs, or the red-birds, or any of the pets we'd ever had. I want to tell you how they died, but it almost always makes me cry to talk about Susy says: "Yes, that's always the way. You call some unfortunate creature a pet, and after half killing it with kindness you eventually succeed in entirely killing it by neglect."

" Eventually !" Susy does use such big words. Well! we did n't anything of the sort. It was just because Jack and I were too kind and careful that they were - that they died.

It grew very cold one Saturday night, and papa said he thought it was going to freeze; so when half undressed we thought about the alligators. ran down-stairs and brought them into the warm kitchen. Jack opened the oven and said:

"S'pose we put them in here, Annie. Just think how warm they 'll keep all night!"

So we put the alligators in one of the tin buckets filled with water, and set it inside the oven.

Next morning when Aunt Patsey came, she never thought of looking in the oven, but just

and blink their eyes, and eat all the flies and oat- built the biggest kind of a fire, and when we came down and rushed and opened the door, there were our darling alligators boiled! All a dull pink, and floating on their backs with their poor little feet raised up so pitifully as if begging some one to help them. We all cried so we could n't eat any breakfast, and we cried until Susy got them ready to be buried. Susy was very good then; she made them look lovely. She got one of papa's empty cigar-boxes and covered all the bottom with violets, and laid the alligators all in a row on their backs, with their tails twined lovingly together, and little bunches of violets clasped in their poor paws.

> Then I tied a long black band on each of the boys' hats, and Jack took the spade, and Harry carried the box, and I came after in Susy's long black cloak, mama's old crape veil over my head, and crying into a big white handkerchief. And then came Aunt Patsey's Mandy -the little negro girl who waits on me; she rang the dinner-bell as slowly and solemnly as she could. She wore no mourning, being black anyway.

> We buried them under the cedar-tree where the periwinkles grow in summer, and sprinkled violets over their grave, and Mandy sang a song she knew. It did n't seem very appropriate to a funeral, but it was the only one we knew about alligators, so we had to use it. It 's a very queer song. This is the way it goes:

"Swimmin' in der river, des afo' de day, W'at yer think my mammy hear der alligators say?

"Get 'long home, ol' lady; better get 'long home, Kaze we gwine ter bite yer foot off, en chaw up all der bone.

"We gwine ter eat er little pig, we gwine ter eat er fish; Gwine ter eat em wid er knife en fork, off er gre't big gol'en dish."

But it had a nice lonesome sort of tune, and we all sang the last verse together. We set up a pasteboard tombstone, and Susy wrote on it:

> Here Lie Slimy, Scaly, and Crawly. Cut Off In the flower of their Youth and Beauty By a too Ardent Affection.

I think that sounds just splendid. tainly can write nice tombstones.



Sause and Offeet

By Margaret · Vandegrift ·

A LITTLE dinner party was in progress down below,

While above-stairs, in the nursery, was a lonely little Fred.

"There is nothing left to do!" he sighed. "That clock is very slow,

And when nurse *does* finish supper, she will put me straight to bed!

"Now, if they'd let me play with that!"—he looked up on the wall,

And gently pushed a chair along before him, as he spoke —

"I really would not mischief it, or worry it, at all,
And I feel quite pretty certain I could mend it,
if it broke!"

About five minutes after this, the door-bell rang, and low

The servant to the master whispered, "Sir, he's at the door —

The messenger, you rang for." Replied the master, "No;

He 's made some stupid blunder." And he thought of it no more.





Five minutes passed; a sound of wheels; the servant came to say,

"The carriage is a-waiting, sir,—belike it's come too early,

But the man is very positive you rang for a cuppay."

"I did n't," said the master, and his look and tone were surly.

In the same mysterious manner a policeman came and went,

And a doubtful look was growing now, upon the master's face;

An idea had occurred to him of what the mystery meant,

And he was just preparing to follow up the trace —





When, lo! "A burst of thunder-sound,"—the engine drew up proudly,

Close followed by the hose-cart; and dire confusion grew.

But the master from his door-step by shouting wildly, loudly,

Was in time to stop the deluge, and 't was all that he could do.

Straightway to the alarm he went, and captured Master Freddy, Who sobbed, "I only gave it such a little, little jerk! I did n't mean to start it — just to try if it was ready; I wanted — all I wanted was to see if it would work!"





"LINUS."

# By DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

The handsome horse shown in our illustration rejoices in the possession of the longest foretop, mane, and tail in the world. He was born about seven years ago in the State of Oregon, and when about four years old his mane and tail grew so rapidly—often as much as three inches a month—that in three years they reached their present astonishing growth. His tail is now nine feet long; his foretop is five and one-half feet long; while his mane measures exactly seven feet and ten inches.

"Linus" is perfectly formed and weighs about fourteen hundred pounds. His "body color" is a glossy golden chestnut; he has white hind feet and a white face, and his mane, tail, and foretop are of a soft flaxen color. His hair, which is "done up" when he is not receiving visitors, continues to grow, though now very slowly.

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Aside from his remarkable hair, Linus is certainly a beautiful animal. He is proud, carries his head high, and enjoys admiration with all the intelligence and pride of his race.

## THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

By HERBERT L. ALDRICH.

Just beyond Cape Lisburne, on the Arctic coast of Alaska, some five hundred miles above Behring Straits, are extensive coal mines. The coal is easily mined, and the Arctic whaleships make these mines a rendezvous.

In midsummer there is a period of a few weeks when little or no whaling can be done on account of the ice. During this period a "tender" arrives from San Francisco with supplies of fresh provisions, the mail, etc., and carries back whatever whalebone and oil the whalers may have secured.

The arrival of the tender is the most important and most looked-forward to of any event of the season, as she is the only link that connects the whalemen with the outside world during a period of eight or nine months.

This midsummer period is during the time of the midnight sun, and there is continuous daylight for about six weeks.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships lay at anchor off these mines. Shifts of men were working during the twenty-four hours of continuous daylight, laying in coal for the coming cold days and nights of autumn. Every one of the eight hundred and fifty, or more, men frequently scanned the horizon, eager for the appearance of the tender; for it was the middle of July, and not a word had been heard from home since the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the horizon, but not dipped below it. One vessel after another laid in its supply of coal, and was anxious to be off, but still no tender came. She was due the first week in July, but the 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th of the month came, and yet no news from her.

Regular watches were kept on board the vessels as if the sun rose at five o'clock in the morning and set at six at night. Even our rooster clung to his old habits and slept through the night of daylight, not deigning to crow

until between four and five o'clock in the morning. The various masters, anxious to be off, met first on this vessel, then on that, to discuss the delay in the arrival of the tender and to decide upon a united course of action in case she did not appear soon.

Toward noon on the 16th, a faint mirage was seen off the Cape. Very little air was stirring, and the mirage grew more and more distinct until the tender was seen in every spar and sail, as clearly outlined in the smooth sea as if drawn on glass. But she was keel up!

Three hours later, the vessel's hull was in full view above the horizon. She was under full sail with flags and colors at the mastheads, bearing the joyous signal of news from home.

It was nearly eleven o'clock before she reached her anchorage. Not to waste any time, the captain had a boat lowered, and before the tender's anchor was let go, we were alongside.

No words can describe the situation or our feelings as we reached the deck. Hands were shaken, a few anxious inquiries hurriedly made, and then each man betook himself to some quiet corner with his letters, to read the messages from the loved ones at home.

As I sat on the rail, looking astern of the vessel, dreamily picturing scenes at home, I looked out over the vast expanse of ocean. Here and there floated a cake of ice. All was so still, so solemn, yet in tune with my thoughts. The short, choppy sea kept the rudder creaking. The sun, far above the horizon, cast a clear, yellow light—so clear that the distant hills on shore were distinct in every contour—and the rigging of every vessel riding at anchor on the short, rolling sea was sharp in outline.

With my camera resting on my knee, I took an instantaneous photograph as the sun came out from behind a veil of clouds and cast its long



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TENDER, IN TOW. TAKEN JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

sheen over the sea from the horizon almost to the very stern of the vessel. Entirely wrapped in my reverie, I sat watching the ceaseless sea, and the glow of the sunlight, thinking only of the world so many thousands of miles away. Four months of hardship and danger were yet ahead of us. This little craft would carry our messages home, but with her would go all communication with the world until we ourselves entered port. What changes might these months bring forth!

"Man the 'Lucretia's' boat," was the rude intrusion upon my reverie, and five strong oars were soon carrying us to our own vessel.

As the captain and I came over the rail, the man at the wheel struck eight bells.

"Just midnight," said the captain.

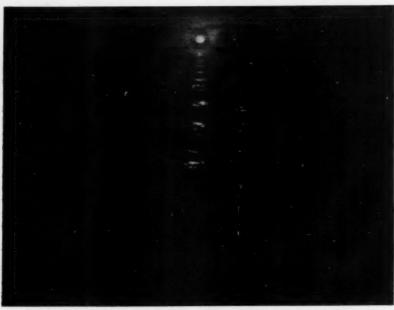
"And here is the midnight sun," I added. Suiting my action to my words, I took another picture looking off toward the vessels that lay straining gently at their anchor-cables.

Yellow as the light was, both pictures came out well. Fine detail may be lacking; but the pictures bring back a flood of recollections as they recall the dangers of that season in the Arctic, and our entire isolation from home, civilization, and the world.

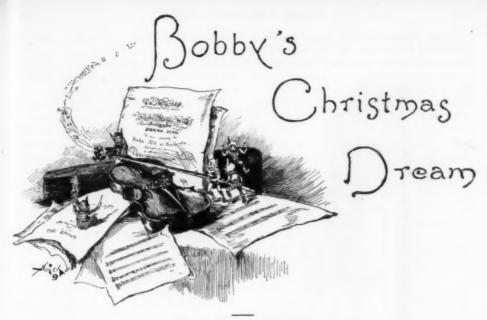
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THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT. (FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.)



By LAURA LYON WHITE.

ONCE upon a time a little boy was sent to dancing-school with great regularity by his mama. She loved him very much and wished to see him accomplished in all things, and especially in dancing, which perhaps she esteemed unduly and above things more useful. However that may have been, every day she compelled him to practice his steps. Now, this little boy had no taste for the saltatory art, to use a highflown term. He liked better to skip and jump about in time with his own music, which, although it lacked both time and tune, suited his ideas of dancing to a T. And I am sorry to be obliged to record the following circumstance. Every time his mama said, "Now, my son, let us see you dance," something like a groan came from the lips of Bobby, and-worse and still worse—he showed a disposition to make terms with his mother to his own advantage. It would be something like this:

"Well, Mama, if I dance ten minutes, can I do as I like all the rest of the day?"

His poor mama became very weary of all this; but her resolution was firm, and every day she asked Bobby to dance. But every day Bobby groaned the same deep, heartfelt groan, and made as little progress as possible in dancing. Now, groans are well enough in their way and, for certain occasions, quite appropriate; but—what in the world have they to do with dancing? Bobby's mama often told him to save them for a more fitting occasion, which he would be sure to find sooner or later.

But Bobby must not be too severely blamed. He considered dancing simply a great bore, and before he knew it, his sighs had grown into groans. This bad habit had been formed, and, taking kindly to it at first, he soon came to love it for its own sake. The groans, feelingly and heartily given with a will and a "go" quite heartfelt (not to say lively), might have led some other little boy, looking on, to believe that Bobby was making a study of the Art of Groaning, and that the queer movement of his feet he made afterward was only a strange way of expressing satisfaction at his skill.

At last the year was drawing to a close, and therefore, of course, Christmas was coming!

Bobby had always liked Christmas. Santa Claus divined his wishes unerringly — the things he most longed for were always on the Christmas tree, just to his liking. On this Christmas-eve, as he lay pondering, it occurred to him that he had seen scarcely any preparation for the great day so near at



" BOBBY ROSE AND OPENED THE DOOR."

hand, and for a moment his heart misgave him. While he still hated dancing, he truly wished he had not been so bold in expressing his dislike of it, nor quite so open in exhibiting his disgust in presence of his mama, who evidently had a good memory. As he lay thinking, thinking vaguely, while listening to the rain falling softly and soothingly — for all this happened in a country where it rains in winter — he fancied he heard a noise in the hall.

He arose and opened the door. Santa Claus

had not forgotten him!—for there, under his very eyes, was a beautiful box, with his name in large silver letters on the top. On one side, just beneath an inscription, was an opening; and on the other side was a button.

Bobby looked at this box. It might be enchanted, or bewitched. Certainly, it was no ordinary affair, with a lock and key. Oh, no! it had an air all its own and was surely made to order. He lifted it and brought it inside his door — where he dropped it so suddenly that one would have thought it was very hot. It was not; but Bobby had heard the sound of mysterious movements within, and the next instant a great groan issuing from the box set Bobby's teeth to chattering and the cold chills to creeping over his body. This groan seemed to have a body. It was so complete in itself, so plain and dismal and peculiar. And on its heels came other groans, and others still: big. little, round, flat, long, short,—all making just such an uproar as an assemblage of groans, caught alive and caged together without regard to their feelings, would make if handled too roughly by a careless person.

Bobby knew them—knew them all. He did n't think it necessary to pretend he did n't, or to try and get out of it in any way. He was face to face with his own folly.

And the worst was not yet, for the inscription said: "If you would know more, press the button." Know more? Aye, there was the rub! He knew enough already; but yet -. He looked out of the window; he sat down; he looked out again, and, turning it all over in his mind, he sat down once more, and resolutely pressed the button! Forth from the opening in the box emerged a form, dim, shadowy, but yet defined. It paused a moment; a huge groan came from its pale lips, it sprang into the air, and, dancing a half measure, placed its thin hand to its brow, cracked its heels together-"6, 7, 8"-and was gone! The Cracovienne had been Bobby's especial bête noire, and now, as danced by a visible groan, it took on even a color of witchery that startled, if it did not frighten him. Highland Fling groan, a shade less combative in quality, and clad in a costume plainly national, shook its plaid, and heeled-



BOBBY RECOGNIZES THE GHOSTS OF HIS GROANS.

and-toed away to nothing, without grace, but with skill. Then came a groan which Bobby recognized as the ghost of that uttered by himself because of his disgust when called upon to perform the Sailor's Hornpipe. The mournful "Yo,—heave, ho-o-o!" with which the

airy sprite pulled up the anchor, tugged at the ropes, waved its handkerchief in adieu to friends ashore, and shuffled out of sight, was all only too familiar to poor Bobby. And close in its wake, just a little less deep and a little more refined in sound, was the Cachucha. The real spirit of the Cachucha, Bobby had never caught, nor even felt; his Yankee legs had always failed to give the Spanish rhythm. Now, to mock him for his blindness and lack of success, its proper grace was revealed to him at a glance when the fantastic vision, entering with a sigh rather than groan, bent its supple body to the strains of music unheard by mortal ears, and bowed its exit to the mysteries of nowhere.

The stately Minuet, the Waltz, the Polka, the Schottische, came and went,—each, with aërial grotesqueness, posing a moment before following its predecessor into space.

Bobby was too profoundly amazed to note many things; but now that the play had been played, he remembered with a thrill of horror that each specter, as it sprang from the box, bore his own features as he had seen them in a looking-glass. Certainly, sowing groans was a task pleasanter than the reaping thereof!—and just as he resolved to turn over a new leaf, promising himself "never to do so again," a hand shook him and a voice called out: "Hello, Bobby, awake out of that nightmare and come down to welcome Santa Claus!"

It has been said, by those who know best, that Bobby became a graceful dancer, and that to this day he has never forgotten just how those ghostly dancers looked as they came from the box.



## A LITTLE GIRL'S DIARY IN THE EAST.

(Conclusion.)

## By LUCY MORRIS ELLSWORTH.

The quaint and interesting diary from which these extracts are taken was kept by a little girl only ten years old, and of her own accord, as a record of her travels last year through Egypt, Italy, and Greece. The selections here given are printed, word for word, as they were written.

CAIRO, February 10, 1890.

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Last Thursday Miss — got up a donkey ride for all of us. At two o'clock in the afternoon we started. There were about a dozen people not counting ourselves. We went through the Citadel into the desert where after a ride of about half an hour we reached a ruined mosque. We dismounted our donkeys and went inside. After we looked around inside we went up some very narrow stairs without a railing. When we got half way up we stepped on the roof of part of the mosque. Then we went up another flite of steps into the dome where there was a beautiful view. I saw little children playing in old Cairo. I saw women with great big jars on their heads. And I saw men and little boys running after donkeys. All these things were very small because we were so far away from them. . . . The day after that we went to the Moosky on donkeys and we left the donkeys in the Moosky while we went in the slipper Bazar. Fraulein bought three pairs of red slippers, Helen bought one pair and I bought one pair. Then we went right home. . . .

It is a very picturesk view in the Moosky indeed. Some Arabs are dressed in a blue night-gown with sometimes nothing under them and sometimes they have little white pants on. The

rich ones are dressed with silks, white or brown stockings, mostly with a brown mantle thrown over their shoulders and new red slippers on. The women have mostly all veils on

except the poor ones. The nose-spool is a round piece of wood with brass rings around it. The nose-piece is black crepe and goes down to their feet. The rich women have fine embroided slippers and a great big black silk cloth around them sometimes gathered around their wastes and sometimes pined upon their head just to keep it from dragging in the dust. Some of them are dressed in white. The very rich ones are dressed in black silk with a very thin muslin nose-piece. Many Arab women are white, some are black some are brown. I went in a mud-hut and it looked as dirty to us as

I went in a mud-hut and it looked as dirty to us as it could be; but I suppose it is clean to the Arabs. . . .

I will only discribe the howling and whirling dervishes. First we went to the whirling dervishes. After we had been sitting around the circle the dervishes came in one after another. The first one was the sheakh. He was a very old man and he had a great big hump on his back. He was clothed in a brown mantle thrown over his shoulders and he walked very, very slowly indeed. His step was about a half a foot long. After they all were in they sat down on the prayer mats. Then they all came and bowed to the sheakh then they began whirling. It was beautiful to see their white skirts all stand out. They stuck out as if they were made to stick out. Every one of them held their right palm of the hand down and the left up towards heaven.

"IT IS

Then they stopped and all sat down on their mats again. They did this same thing over

severel times. The second time we went away to the howling dervishes. When we got there it was quite crowded and after a while the door opened and everybody went in. We had not been sitting there long when the dervishes came in. When they had all seated themselves they began to say Alla, Alla. First they said it very slowly and soft and then they said it louder and faster more louder and faster. They shook their heads every time they said anything from one side to the other and every time they said it loud and fast they would shake them very violently indeed. Some of them had strangling long hair. I thought the sheakh was very good looking. He had a very pretty little son there with him and when we went out he made such a broad smile at us. One of the men got kind of crazy and he made a frightful noise and called Alla, Alla. The Arab right next to him took ahold of him all through until the end. They did the same things over and over again. When it was through we went home to the Hotel.



VIEW OF MARS HILL FROM THE ACROPOLIS, SHOWING A PART OF ATHENS.

ATHENS, February 28th.

We arrived in Athens this morning at about ten o'clock. I did not write about Alexandria. We left Cairo at half-past nine on Monday morning for Alexandria and arrived there at one o'clock in the afternoon. . . . I forgot to write about the piller which we went to first. It was a very high polished stone. The top of it is carved as many other things are. The next day in the afternoon we took a carriage and drove out to the Khedives palace. It was a miserable thing out-side and the painting was horroble; but the inside was very nice looking indeed. Papa received permission to go inside and bring us in too. An Arab servant took us up a very simple stairs and through a little door into a big room, with chairs and divans all around it and a carpet in the middle. Then we went through a hall into a very wide and long room, through this big room and into his writing-room. The floor was beautiful polished Ebony. Then the man took us into another room which was

his washing-room. The curtains were made of beautiful silk embroiderd with gold and everything else of the same colors. Then we went into the dancing-room. The floor was very highly polished and they had a great big dome. It was (the dome) pure white and it had gold (or it was painted gold) run out from the middle into the white and it looked so pretty. Then we were taken into the bed-room. The servant opened a window for us and we saw right into the harbour and out on the Ocean. I can tell you that it was not very calm and the next day was the day we were to sail for Athens. Then we came down and went out in our carriage. Papa wanted to pay the man but he would not take it. I suppose he thought what the Khedive payed him was enough. . . .

March 2ed.

Yesterday afternoon we went to the Acropolis. It was a great big ruin with many theaters. The first thing we did was to go up quite a hill to the first theater. There were only two stones of the stage left. The steps leading up to the stage were still there and were still quite good. In the middle of the place where the band played and danced there were quite a good many statues; every one had their heads cut off. Some of the Greeks had cut them off to sell them to the British museum. I think that was quite mean in them to go and spoil the statues because travelers and some of the Greeks themselfs would like to see what the faces were like. We saw Neptuns head only and another great big hideous head of I don't know whom was right in the middle of them all. I suppose they will chop that head off before long for they have chopped off all the others. The place where the band played was made of square stones, most of them were big but in the middle they were all small. It was a half circle with grass growing up between the middle stones which looked very pretty indeed. We sat in the chairs which the people sat in a long, long time ago. They were built of marble and were very comfortable. Each person had his name put on his

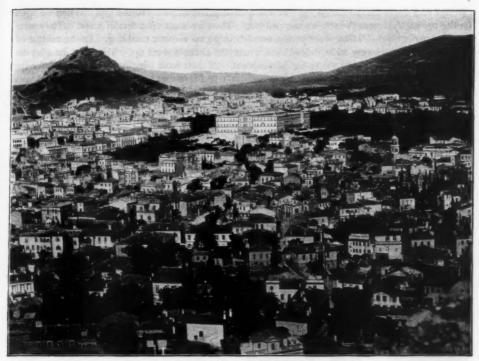


"THE FIRST THEATER" [THE THEATER OF DIONYSIUS].

" THE KING'S CHAIR."

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"WE TOOK OUR SEAT ON A BENCH AND LOOKED AT ATHENS."

chair. I sat in the king's chair. It was very high and I did not find it as comfortable as the rest of the chairs were. Then we went out of this theater into another. We had to take a long walk before we got to the next one. When we got in we went to the little church which was cut out of rock. It had a place cut in the stone for the book. The book was covered up with a cloth and a cloth cross worked on it. I think the cloth was mighty dirty because it was covered with stanes and dirt spots. There were lamps hung on each side of the alter and it seemed as if they had been burned pretty often for the top of the room was very black from the smoke or else it was painted so. There was a mineral-spring on one side of it. An old women who was there got a cup full of it for us to drink out of and to see how it tasted. I thought it did not have any taste at all, but the rest of the folks did. Then we walked to another theater. The ground was covered with stones of all sort mostly marble. There were some pretty (very pretty indeed) pieces. They were too big to carry home and Papa would not let me break a piece off because he said the stones were too precious and if everybody knocked off a piece there would not be much of it left in a few years. Then we entered into another theater. We entered through an iron gate, down some steps until we came to a statue. I forget the name of it now and I don't think I knew then. I went alone down another pair of steps into the theater. The lower stones were placed in the same way as the place where the band played in the first were placed. There were no chairs in this one and the people sat on steps. There was a well in the middle of the whole thing. The stage was all gone except a few stones. The steps leading up to the stage were not gone yet and perfectly safe to go up and down on. The onely thing was that there was not anything to walk upon when one got up to the top of these little steps. Then we came out again stepped into our

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carriage and drove up the Acropolis. It was quite a pretty drive up to the top. When we were on the top at least near the top we stepped out. Then we went up a flite of steps. They were not very perfect but still they were perfect enough to go up without tumbling. In the middle of the steps (they were very wide indeed) was where the chariots went up. They (the people) cut places in the stones or steps where the horses went. It must have been quite a hard pull for the horses to draw the chariots up those big steps don't you think so? They must have had very strong horses and I am sure they did because a weak horse could not possibly do that. After we got up a little way we saw a little house or a kind of house. It had a room with an iron or wooden gate I forget which one. The top of the Acropolis was all built of marble. Many many stones big and little were lying about. I found a cannon ball and it was so very heavy that I could hardly lift it. I tried to kick it with all my might really and it did not go very far either. Then we went up another steps to the top where we took our seat on a bench and looked at Athens. We tried to find our hotel and really did succeed in finding it after a while. There was hardly any place to walk because the marble stones were so numeros. I wanted to scribble my name on a stone so if I came there again I would try to find it and see if it was still there. I was not allowed to and



A GREEK SOLDIER.

so of course I could not do it. Then we went along a little way to a big ruin [the Parthenon]. Papa showed us how it curved. At the very edge of it we could see how it went up in the middle and down at each end. It was a very pretty curve I think and so did the rest if I am not mistaken. The pillars curved too but I did not notice that one bit. We looked around there a little then we went down stairs. Before going down we noticed on the top some pictures cut into the stone like we have on the little platform of our stairs in our house. Ours is a cast of one we saw there.

March 4th.

. . . I am now going to discribe the dress which the Greeks wear. They have about fifty yards of white cloth a little more than a foot long gathered around the waist, white sleeves and an embroidered vest. They have long, long stockings and yellow slippers with great big black worsted tassels on the toe of the slippers which turns up towards the sky. The toes of the slippers are very pointed. On their head they wear a little red cap which turns over on one side. Usually on the left

side of the cap there is a long black tassel which falls over their shoulder. This is all their outside clothing.

March 10th.

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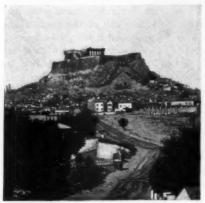
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We just came home from the Greek church where the birthday of the Emperor of Russia was celebrated. All the priests were dressed in pure gold. The head priest had a sort of a crown on with every kind of precious stones set in it all around. They had a big gold pure gold cross with the picture of Jesus on it. At the very top of the dome was a great big picture of Jesus with a book in his arms; I suppose it was the Bible. In the middle hung a big chandelier full of candles; I should think there were about fifty or sixty all lighted and another room right opposite had about ten or twelve candles lighted. Then we went up stairs on the gallery where

some people allready were and they had the best place where the King and Queen were to be seen. A gentleman was reading something in Russian which we did not understand. Then after a while the Queen came in with her court-ladies which were all dressed in white. Some had beautiful dresses and most of them I thought quite pretty. The Queen went in one apartment alone and the court-ladies in another. Then the high-priest came out with the others; and threw the smoke of insence to some pictures of Jesus and Mary. Before we went a band of sailors played beautiful music which came from a Russian Man of War. We saw them at the church and we thought it would be very much crowded; but it was not for there was plenty of room for anybody



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

else that wanted to come. When the church was half full the King, Crown-prince and the Crown-princess came in. The King and prince were in full dress. The Queen looked very beautiful and so did the princess but Fraulein dose not think so. I do not remember what the priest did and what he said. At the last the soldiers came out of the gate, formed in line and the front ones played some beautiful marching tunes. . . .

Naples, March 23.

We arrived in Naples last Friday night at about eleven o'clock and we were in bed at twelve or a little before. We were very, very sleepy I can tell you. The next morning we went to the National Museum. On the way there we saw very many stores full of coral necklaces, rings, pins and other things. When we got there we went in a room which had about twenty six

statues in it. I can not remember hardly anything because I saw such a lot of things. While digging at Pompeii they found bread and clothing. The last artical named was all falling to little pieces. The bread was black and whole. In another room were beautiful little smelling bottles, jugs and plates. The little bottles were made of mother of pearl I think. In another room there were some mosaic floors taken up from Pompeii. They found too some

square mosaic pictures which they hung up on the wall. One which I remember was a table with a basket on it and two cocks fighting under the table. I do not remember the rest. They had some beautiful jars with pictures of women and men painted on it. In a little Japanese room was a beautiful vase of ivory. It would be too hard to explain it I think; but I suppose other people can explain it.

We went to Pompeii day-before yesterday.

It took us two hours to get there and three hours to look it all over. It was very interesting.

Of course I do not remember every-thing. First, we went into the museum. There were (in the first room) some old locks and keys, a big iron box and some bread.

In the second room were 7 or 6 skeletons: a dog, a little boy, some women and some men. The dog was all twisted up as

if in great agony. The color of them was a dirty whitish brown. On the sides of the room were some big water jugs. Then we went in through the gate to Pompeii. The houses had no roofs and no windows, the light coming in from the door. I suppose once they had roofs but now they have all fallen to pieces. First we went to the big room where the king sat and



POMPEIAN

sentenced the people. Parts of the pilars were yet standing and between each one was a little basan cut out of stones. Up at the end of the room was the seat of the King. Near the seat were some stairs which lead into a prison. We descended these stairs. It was a little room with two holes at the top through which the King told the poor creatures down there what he was going to do with them. This room (not the prison, but the room where the King sat) was very long and had about twenty pillars in it. They were all made of marble; not very clean and bright now but then when it was new it must have been beautiful. We saw some little wine shops and oil-shops. The sign of the oil shops was cut in the stone outside. The sign was two men carrying a big jar of oil between them on a stick which they carried on the shoulder. The

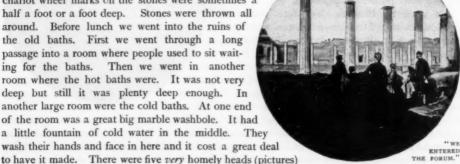
wine-shops did not have any sign I think. These wine, and 'oil shops were just alike. At one end of the room was a long marble table with five round holes at the top. I

went to see what the holes were and saw a great big jug sunk in the earth reaching up to the holes. In

the jugs they put the oil and wine which they sold. The streets were quite narrow; but I think the Bazars were still narrower which we saw in Cairo. There were some beautiful mosaic fountains with little bits of steps leading up to them for the water to fall down on. After looking at some ruins we entered the Forum which had six streets leading into it. They could block the streets up so riders and carriages could not go through if they wanted too. We ate our lunch in the garden of Diomedes and in his celler were found the bones of eigh-

teen women and children with bread and other things to eat. There was an old black dog there which we fed with the bones of the chicken. He eat everything we gave him even bread. I was sitting on a stone with a whole roll in my lap; and I was just going to give the dog a little piece when he came up and snatched the whole roll out of my lap and ran away. Afterwards he came again but I declined to give him anything more. After we had finished we went down a pair of stairs into the long celler. It reached half way around the house. There were little holes cut in through the rock. It was about 12 feet wide and quite dark. Near the entrance were the bodies of the people found which ran down there for

protection. We turned around again pretty soon for there was not much to see there except the walls. Some paintings were still very clear and looked as if they had been just painted. I had my picture taken on a fountain. The chariot wheel marks on the stones were sometimes a half a foot or a foot deep. Stones were thrown all around. Before lunch we went into the ruins of the old baths. First we went through a long passage into a room where people used to sit waiting for the baths. Then we went in another room where the hot baths were. It was not very deep but still it was plenty deep enough. In another large room were the cold baths. At one end of the room was a great big marble washbole. It had a little fountain of cold water in the middle. They wash their hands and face in here and it cost a great deal



nailed on a fence. I forgot to say the color of the bread and cloth. It is *very* black. In a court of another house was a table on which was found the bones of a little boy eating his dinner which consisted of beef and a big loaf of bread. I can not remember much about Pompeii because you must know that I have been layed up in bed with the miasels for about three weeks. . . .



A MOSAIC FOUNTAIN IN POMPEIL

# HIS PROFESSION.

By Dr. MALCOLM McLEOD.

My boy and I rode in the train One morning bright and clear.

"When I 'm a grown-up man," said he,
"I 'll be an engineer."
But soon the dust flew in his eyes

And heavy grew his head.

"I would n't be an engineer
For all the world," he said.

My boy was at a seaport town, And saw the rolling sea.

"Mama," he said, one evening,
"A sailor I shall be!"
We took him to a yacht race—

He had to go to bed!
"I would n't be a sailor, now,
For all the world!" he said.

We read him stirring stories Of soldiers and their fame.

"I'll go and fight," cried Freddie,
"And put them all to shame!"

We told him of a soldier's life; He shook his little head.

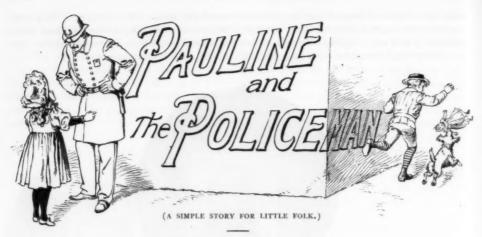
"I would n't be a soldier, now, For all the world!" he said.

And thus to each profession He first said "yes," then "no."

"To make a choice is hard," he said, "At least, I find it so."

"But what, then, will you be?" I asked,
"When you are grown-up, Fred?"

"I really think I'll only be A gentleman," he said.



BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

before dinner she saw a policeman standing on the corner of the street where she lived. His coat was very new and the brass buttons on it were bright, for the policeman had not been a policeman very long. The little girl thought he the little girl's name, was walking in the same was kind, for he was smiling at her. When she came near he said:

"How do you do, Miss?"

And the little girl said, as she had been taught, "I am very well, thank you."

Then the policeman said, "How is Miss Dolly?"- for the little girl was carrying a doll in her arms.

So she held the doll up for the policeman to see, and said, "Dolly is not very well."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Her cheeks seem very red."

"She 's fev'rish," said the little girl, and then she walked back to the house.

When she was at home again, she told her mother about her talk with the policeman, and asked what policemen were for. So her mother told her that when children took one another's toys, the mother had to come and see that the children gave the toys back; or if they fought one another, the mother had to separate the children, and perhaps punish them to make them behave better.

"That is what policemen do," said the with real kid boots and curly hair. mother. "If any one should take away your

One day while a little girl was taking a walk dolly, the policeman would make the person give it back to you."

> The little girl said she understood, and thanked her mother.

> A few days after this, Pauline, for that was street. After she became tired, she sat down to rest on the steps of a house close to her own and put her dolly on the step beside her. While she was resting, a boy came along the street, and with the boy there came a little terrier dog. Before Pauline saw what the boy meant to do, he picked up her dolly and began to make the dog play with it.

> Pauline got up from the step and said, "Give me my doll. You 'll spoil it."

But the boy laughed at her, and kept on shaking the doll at his dog. The dog would growl and try to catch the doll in his mouth, and the boy held the doll so that the dog could not reach it. Then Pauline tried to take the doll from the boy. But when she said, "You must give it to me!" and put out her hand for it, the boy threw the doll to the dog, the dog caught it in his mouth, and then both ran away down the street and around the corner; while Pauline, after running a few steps, stopped and began to cry. She was afraid she would never see the dolly again, and it was her very best one,

But while she was crying, she saw her friend

heard

street

said:

it, Dennis?"

know a boy

on this beat

"Do you

saw her, too, and saw that she was crying. So be gone only a little while. he walked over to her, and said:

"What is the matter - are you lost?"



"HE BEGAN TO MAKE THE DOG PLAY WITH THE DOLLY."

Then Pauline laughed even while her eyes and he blew were wet, and said:

"Oh, no! I live in that house with the vine on it. Do you see it?"

The policeman said he did. And then Pau- other whistle line remembered what her mother had told her a long way about the policeman, so she said:

"Mr. Policeman, do you punish boys who a take people's dollies?"

"Of course," he said, smiling. "Has a boy taken yours?"

"Yes. I mean—that is—a boy's dog has." "Tell me about it," said the policeman.

So Pauline told how the boy had taken her dolly and given it to his dog, and how the dog and boy had then run away. And the policeman was glad to help her.

"Come with me," he said, "and we will ask your mother whether we may look for the bad dog who has taken the dolly away."

mother said they might go, if they would come you want to know?"

the policeman coming down the street. And he back soon. The policeman said they would

Then they walked down the street the way the boy had gone. When they came to the corner,

the policeman asked Pauline if she was sure the boy had gone to the right. And she said she was.

"What kind of a boy was he?" the policeman asked.

Pauline said that the boy wore a blue jacket, short trousers, and had a torn straw hat.

" And what sort of dog did he have?" said the policeman.

"A little woolly dog."

"Did you hear the boy call his name?"

"Yes," said Pauline; "the boy said, 'Here, Jip!' when he threw the doll."

"You're a clever little girl," said the policeman. Then he asked Pauline to wait a few minutes,



"THEY WALKED DOWN THE STREET."

who owns a little dog named Jip?" asked Pauline's police-

They walked to the house, and Pauline's "No, I can't think of one just now. Why do

"He has run away with this little girl's doll," said Pauline's friend.

but we might ask the butcher. Little dogs like that one very often steal pieces of meat from butchers' shops."

"How far is it to the butcher's?" asked Pauline's friend.

"Only a little way. Come."

So Pauline and her friend walked along and policeman, very crossly.

soon came to the butcher's shop.

"Good afternoon," said the butcher. "What's the trouble?"

" Nothing much. We want to find a little boy who owns a small woolly dog named Jip. Do you know him?"

"Know him? I know him very well," said the butcher. "What is it he has been doing?"

"His dog ran away with this little girl's dolly," said one of the policemen.

" Oh!" answered the butcher, laughing. "Well, his name is Tommy Lee, and he lives just down the street. He is a good boy, and I don't think he meant to run away with the doll. Wait here a minute, and I'll send my boy Jack after him."

The butcher called his boy to him.

" Jack," said he, " put down your basket, and go to Tommy Lee's house. See if you can bring him here for a minute. I want to see him."

Jack set down the basket, and went out.

Then the butcher brought a chair for Pauline, and one of the policemen, the second one, said:

"Good-by, miss; I think you 'll get your doll soon."

Pauline thanked him, and he went away.

As soon as he was gone, the butcher's boy, "Oh! Well, I don't know any such boy; Jack, came back and with him was Tommy Lee. Tommy had the doll in his arms. He was very red, and was out of breath, as if he had been running.

Pauline put out her arms, and Tommy gave her the doll.

"Why did you take the doll?" said the



TOMMY LEE GIVES BACK PAULINE'S DOLL.

"I did n't mean to," said Tommy, "and I was just bringing it back. The butcher's boy met me. I did n't know that Jip would run away with it. It took me a long time to catch him, for the dog thought it a game. I 'm very sorry, sir."

"Tell the little girl you 're sorry," said the policeman, in a gruff voice.

"I did n't mean to," said Tommy, looking as

if he would cry, "and I'm sorry that I made you think you had lost your doll."

back that she hoped the boy need not be

"You may go now," said the policeman, and Tommy ran out, very glad to get away.

Then they thanked the butcher, who said he hoped the doll was not hurt.

"Thank you, no," said Pauline, looking carefully at the dolly, "but I think she was scared."

The policeman and Pauline then walked to Pauline's house. And when they got there they found that Pauline's father was at home.

The father thanked the policeman, and, taking some money, tried to give it to him. But the policeman said:

"No, sir; thank you. I have a little girl of my own at home, and so I'm glad to get the doll for Miss Pauline."

"But," said Pauline's father, "I have just been out and bought a new dolly for her. Her mother told me she had lost her old one, and I was afraid you would not find it."

And Pauline's father showed her a new doll, almost like the one she held in her arms.

"But I don't need two dollies," said Pauline. "May I send one to the policeman's little girl?"

"Yes, dear."

So Pauline asked the policeman to give the new doll to his little girl, with her love.

And the policeman was glad, and thanked Pauline; and when he showed his little girl the Pauline said she was so glad to get her doll doll she was glad, too, for it was the prettiest she ever had seen.



THE DOLL IS SAFE.

When Pauline went in the house she said to

"Papa, I think policemen is real userful."

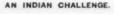
"Sometimes they are," said her father, and then they went hand in hand to dinner.

# ALPHABET SONG.

By EMMA C. DOWD.



A, B, C, D, E, F, G,— Baby and I will sail the sea; H, I, J, K, L, M, N,— Across the ocean and back again; O, P, Q, R, S, T, U,-Now on the railway, choo, choo, choo! V and W, X, Y, Z,-Home is the best place for baby and me.





HERE are we, my hearers, once more assembled to settle the affairs of science and the nation.

And now, before beginning new business, let us take up

### THAT PLANT BY THE TELEGRAPH-POLE.

FIRST, allow me to thank Miss Annie Russell A., Henry Campman, "A Reader," J. E. D., Allen Van Vort, R. L. Jones, and all the other young friends, who correctly answered my query in regard to the peculiar plant pointed out to you from this Pulpit three months ago. It was shown, you may remember, in the picture of the "The Telegraph-Pole as a Storehouse."\*

Very many sent answers, and though not all replied correctly, your Jack is glad to know that so large a number became interested in the matter

and endeavored to "hunt it up."

This plant, called by the scientific the Agave Americana, is popularly known by the following names: Agave, American Aloe, Century plant, Maguey, and perhaps by other names. I am told, on good authority, that it is an Agave and not a Yucca. as many of you, my friends, have called it. The Yucca, it seems, belongs to a different order—"the Spanish-bayonet order," as one correspondent writes—at all events, you'll find by consulting the encyclopedias that Yucca and Agave are not two names for the same thing.

This Agave Americana, let me here remark, is by no means a worthless plant, as you may learn by ascertaining the various uses to which it may be put, nor does it always stand alone like a sentinel, by a telegraph-pole, as in Mr. Nugent's interesting picture. It is a sociable plant and loves its

fellows, as all of us should do.

AND now, to change the subject, here is an interesting bit of information sent to you, my hungry ones, by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll:

Two tribes of Indians in the upper part of California had as boundary between their districts, a low ridge where the streams headed. If you should go to where one of these streams, Potter river, rises, you would see still standing a tall pile of stones beside a never-failing spring; on one side of this cairn was the territory of the Pomo Indians, and on the other the land of the Chumaia. These tribes were enemies, and were often at war. When the Chumaia wished to challenge the others to battle, they took three little sticks, cut notches round their ends and in the middle, tied them at the ends into a faggot, and laid it on this cairn. If the Pomos accepted the challenge, they tied a string around the middle of the three sticks and left them in their place. Then agents of both tribes met on neutral ground and arranged the time and place of battle, which took place accordingly.

THAT is one way of settling a difficulty. But think how many different kinds of difficulties there are, and in what different ways folks set about to settle them!

There is dear little Marjory, for instance. Your friend Annie L. Hannah has written for you a pretty song about her. Here it is:

### WHO CAN TELL?

"I WONDER," said sweet Marjory, To the robin on the wall;

"I wonder why the flowers are short, And why the trees are tall? I wonder why the grass is green,

And why the sky is blue?
I wonder, Robin, why I 'm I,
Instead of being you?

"I wonder why you birds can fly, When I can only walk?

I wonder why you only sing, While I can sing, and talk?

Oh, I wonder, I so wonder
Why the river hurries by?
I think you ought to know, Robin;
I would, if I could fly!

"I wonder," said sweet Marjory, With a puzzled little frown,

"I wonder why the moon won't shine
Until the sun goes down?
I wonder where the stars all go
When they 're not in the sky?

I 'most believe you know, Robin, For all you look so shy!

"I wonder why the snow comes? And why the flowers die?

I wonder where the summer lives When the wintry winds blow high?

I wonder," said sweet Marjory, With her plump chin in her hand,

"I wonder, Robin, if we two Shall ever understand?"

### MORE ICE PRISONS.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

Dear Jack in the Pulpit: I have been reading Dannie G—'s letter in the bound volume of St. Nictolas (June number, 1890), about flowers frozen in a block of ice, and as I have read several others before, I thought you might like to hear about those that I saw. Last June our city celebrated her Semi-centennial. On the 11th, she had a Trades' Display that was very fine; the business of an artificial-ice company was represented by a float containing four blocks of ice about three feet high, and eighteen inches thick; in one was a fine large red-fish, about two feet long; the next had a large bouquet of lovely roses; the third held two red-snappers; and the fourth some Spanish-bayonet blossoms, waxen and lovely, and all of them worth going a long way to see.

We have taken St. Nicholas ever since it began, and enjoy it very much.

Yours respectfully,

M. C. TUCKER.

### A KING IN A TORTOISE SHELL.

THE cradle that a queen should choose for her princely little baby must be a very grand affair, don't you think so? Perhaps made of choice or costly woods or even of a precious metal. In either case it must, you think, be most beautifully shaped and perhaps carved with the figures of sweet little cherubs, watching over the favored mortal baby as he sleeps softly amid his clouds of fine linen and delicate lace.

This may all be. Jack does n't know much about kings and queens and princes; and being a good republican, does not care so much about their grand furniture, and dresses, and cradles, as he does about whether or not they are good men and women and boys and girls and babies. What made me think of them at all was something that I heard a traveler tell about within a few days.

This traveler had lately come from France. While in that country he had visited the town of Pau, among the Pyrenees Mountains. (Look on your maps for them, my friends.) In this town, high up, looking over the valleys, stands an old, old castle, dark and gray and gloomy. It was built in the olden days when there was much fighting, and nobles and princes had to live in castles, with walls made so thick and strong to keep out their enemies that the blessed sunlight was kept out too, and the big rooms and halls were dark and dismal enough. Here in this castle of Pau, in the year of 1553, said the traveler, lived the old King of Navarre, and here, in this same year, was born his grandson Henry, Prince of Navarre, afterwards known the world over as Henry the Great, King of France and Navarre. He was called great not only because he knew how to head the armies of his kingdom, fighting his enemies, but because he loved his people and tried to make them happy and prosperous as well as glorious.

So his people loved him, and after his death they cherished everything that had belonged to him with the greatest care. Here, in his castle of Pau, is still treasured the cradle in which the royal baby was rocked to rest.

It is a cradle made all of tortoise-shell.

Should n't you think it would break very easily? It would if it were thin and polished tortoise-shell, like a girl's dainty bracelet, which is almost as brittle as glass; but there is little danger of this royal cradle meeting any such fate — no more danger than if the shell were still on the back of the turtle, its first owner! The shell is not polished or altered in any way. It was taken from the back of the big sea-turtle (who had carried it so long, and thought himself so safe in his stout shell-house) and was cleaned and turned over on its back.

Then only a little blanket was laid in it, for the young Prince of Navarre was not brought up delicately, and in his very cradle was taught to lie wrapped in a rough blanket, instead of on soft cushions, amid luxurious linen and lace.

The traveler did not tell the friend with whom he was talking whether or not the turtle-shell cradle was mounted on rockers. If not, how could the cradle have been rocked without giving the poor little baby a most terrible jouncing?

A little boy, who was walking with the traveler and his friend, said that he did n't think the little Prince Henry had half so comfortable a time of it as his own little baby brother at home; and I should n't wonder if that were true. But, perhaps, after all, it is n't good for babies to be quite so comfortable. It may be that more babies would grow up to be strong and hardy men and women if they were not treated quite so tenderly at the first.

Who knows?

HERE is a pretty bit of talk sent by your friend R. E. B.:

### BIRD AND BOY.

"Little boy," "LITTLE bird," Said the lad, Said the bird, "I take joy, "On my word, I am glad On my word, I can go In the storm Where 't is warm And the snow; From the snow I am warm, And the storm. Don't you know. So I say, Hoop! hooray! Whit! to-whee! As for me, Boys are best, any day!" Just a bird I would be!"

AND here is another view of the case, from the girls' point of view, sent you by Miss Maria J. Hammond:

## HER LITTLE SHETLAND SHAWL.

I KNOW a little maiden,
And winter, spring, and fall,
She wears about her shoulders
A little Shetland shawl!

She says if all the birds stayed north,— The sensible, wee things!— That some would soon wear tiny shawls Tucked underneath their wings!

## THE LETTER-BOX.

FORT HUNTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the youngest of six children who have taken you for eleven years. Some of the oldest bound numbers are falling to pieces, but  $ST.\ NICK$ would have to be bound in leather and printed on linen to stand all the reading it gets in this family. I like all your stories, and am always on the lookout for the "Brownies," and the "Aztec Fragments."

I have a shepherd pup named after the great enchan-

ter, "Merlin," because he makes so many things "mysteriously disappear," and can make my brother look black when he chews up his hats or overshoes.

I am thirteen years old. I live in the country and drive into the city every day to school. I hope you will live forever. Yours truly, REUBEN O—.

BEDFORD PARK, CHISWICK, W., ENGLAND. DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you all about Guy Fawkes Day, because the little boys and girls in America do not have a Guy Fawkes Day, and perhaps they might like to hear about it. You see, Guy Fawkes Day is thoroughly a boys' day — girls have nothing at all to do with it — but though I am a girl I have five brothers, and therefore generally share in the fun.

The day is the 5th of November, and about the mid-dle of October all the shops (stores, as you say in Amer-ica) begin to show fireworks and masks in their windows. Now, I dare say you will like to hear about the "masks."
Well, they are faces made of a sort of composition, painted most hideously, generally with big noses. These are purchased for the large sum of one penny (two cents in American money) by all the little boys, who wear them about the streets. After this has gone on for about a week or a fortnight, Guy Fawkes Day really comes.

At about ten or eleven o'clock, on the 5th, you hear a great deal of noise going on in the streets, and cries of "Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy, Guy," as fast as it can be gabbled (or rather shouted). Then you see a troop of street urchins with paper caps and paper streamers, singing, while two of them carry a chair on which is tied an effigy of Guy Fawkes, with one of the aforesaid "masks," and an old hat and coat. The boys come and stand in front of the houses and sing:

> " Please to remember The Fifth of November, The Gunpowder Treason and Plot. I see no good reason Why Gunpowder Treason Should ever be forgot!

## Another song was:

" Holler, boys, holler, boys, make the bells ring; Holler, boys, holler, boys, God save the King.

"The king" means James I., and the words are now changed into "God save the Queen."

You see Guy Fawkes Day is a very, very old custom; it dates back to 1605, when it is said that some conspirators tried to blow up the king and Parliament.

After dark all the boys have bonfires and fireworks, not so much in the town as in the suburbs, where there are back gardens in which to burn the stuffed effigy and to set off the fireworks. Good-by,

Yours lovingly, MARGARET ALICE B-Aged fourteen.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The ST. NICHOLAS MAGA-ZINE is always full of fine stories, but the one that interests me most is entitled "The Boy Settlers."

If your readers remember, the story starts out with a brief description of Dixon, Illinois. Dixon is now a nice place, much nicer than at the time spoken of in "The

Boy Settlers," yet many of the old landmarks still stand. The "Old Elm" is especially interesting to see and hear about. Lincoln and Black Hawk stood under it when the treaty of peace was signed that ended the Black Hawk War; the tree stands right below our house, to the west; six men can just reach around it.

My grandmother knows most of the characters spoken of in "The Boy Settlers"; also, Noah Brooks, the author. Father Dixon was well known by her, and many a time she has told me incidents in his life.

I remain your true friend, O. W. S-

SENDAI, JAPAN.
DEAR St. NICHOLAS: We are very much interested in "Lady Jane." We think the story will be spoiled if Lady Jane does n't get back to her relatives.

The season for chrysanthemums is just past. There have lately been several shows in the city. The manager of one of the shows said there were two hundred and forty-five different kinds of chrysanthemums there. Some of the names translated are "White Stork," "Golden Waterfall," "Rays of Light," "Ghost," and "Sea-foam." We are the three largest foreign girls in Sendai, and

are one another's only playmates.

Your interested readers,

SARAH, CHARLOTTE, and KATE.

FORT SCOTT, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following letter or composition is entirely the work of a little girl in her ninth year - the names taken from a book which she happened upon. Her nurse missed her, and found her in the library writing away at "a composition like the boys had to take to school." I am the aunt, the possible victim of "those savage beasts."

Very sincerely yours,

F. N. N-

[We print the letter as written:]

MY DEAR FRIEND: I write to you. Prof. Haxley reported to you something about the different papers. have a paper that I will send you inclosed in this letter, which I hope you will enjoy. One of the subjects are about principally of the best, fine animals. Now, for instance, the most interesting is about, dogs; now you

know there are some fine dogs such as water spaniel (we have one), then the cats of the best Maltese nature, you know; well, I will have a little talk about the cats: The cats have tricks; I've heard of a cat that would dip her paw in a pitcher of milk, and then put it to her mouth. Well, I forgot to give a subject on dogs, which I will do now: Some dogs are bad and some are good; some dogs like to jump up on you and tear your clothes. Well, there are horses, some very fine horses; I suppose some people have finer horses than others; we have a fine horse. Now I will make a subject on lions: They are very savage beasts; they are mostly out West in the woods. I have an aunt that is going out there, and I hope they won't eat her up; they like to eat people. Now this is all I am going to say about animals. I think I will talk about gardens. A great many people have gardens; now we like to have lots of vegetables in the gardens, such as corn, lima beans, and tomatoes; then there are aristocratic gardeners. I suppose you have heard of Samuel Boyer; he knows lots about gardens. Now I am going to give a subject on artists: Some artists are better than others. I have seen fine paintings they have done; they have very fine tastes about painting and drawing. I would like to know how oil paints are made. Now I will talk about flowers: Some are very pretty. I think daisies and dandelions are right pretty, but they are so common, and have n't got any style about them like fuchias and roses have. Now, what does subject mean? It means to take a word and tell things about it. Now I will close. I hope you will enjoy this composition, and all your family.

MARY C. N—.

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy. I have been traveling in England with my mother and two brothers. I have also been in Scotland and Wales. When we were in Scotland we stayed at Edinburgh. We went to see the Forth Bridge, which is the longest bridge in the world.

It is not as handsome as the Brooklyn Bridge, how-

We are in Scarborough now, which is a great water-ing place. The other day we went out fishing; we caught about four dozen fish in an hour and a half.

Don't you think that is pretty good? I am going to

London in a few days. I have not been there yet. We
sail for home very soon. I will be very glad to get
home, although I like England. Good-by.

Your devoted friend, DUNBAR F. C.

SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written to you during the long years you have been coming to me.

I send this little verse, which I have written all by myself:

A SENSIBLE WISH. One day a little girl was asked by her father large and

What she did want — a top, or ball, or anything like that. And she answered very wisely, with a sort of little

I would like it if you'd get me ST. NICHOLAS, if you please.

Your little reader, GENEVIEVE C---.

NEWPORT, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite an old subscriber, as I have taken you now for nearly six years, and I have

read and re-read your bound volumes with never-failing pleasure. I have traveled a great deal during the fourteen years of my life, and have been five times to Europe. Last summer I spent at Paris, and as we lived quite near the exhibition we used to go there frequently. I went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. There were so many people that we had to wait nearly two hours on the second floor for the lift, and when we stepped into it we could look down through a crack in the planks, and could see, far down below, little dots, which were said to be houses and people. Part of the following winter we spent at Nice. You cannot imagine how lovely it is to see thousands of roses blooming in the open air in Feb-The flower-market is a very attractive place, and I used to go to it nearly every day, and buy quanti-ties of flowers, always haggling a long time over prices, as is customary. Some of the old crones hardly speak a word of French, but a sort of palvis, a mixture of Italian and French. We were at Nice during the Carnival. The flower battles were delightful, and the masquerade was the most amusing thing I had seen for a long time. I have no pets just now, but have been promised a foxterrier. I think your stories are delightful, especially "Juan and Juanita." My mother owns a volume of the original of "Grandmother's Wonderful Chair," and long before "Prince Fairyfoot" appeared in your pages I had read the original story through. This letter is the first I have ever written to you.

I am, with best wishes for a long life to your delightful magazine, your friend and hearty admirer,
M. G. K---

THE HALL, BUSHEY, HERTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy twelve years old. I have taken you since '84, and I never wrote to you before. I hope the following story is not too long. I translated it all alone. TACK C P. S.—This is a surprise for mama and papa.

## THE MONKEY AND THE MAGIC-LANTERN.

ONCE a man who had a magic-lantern show, went away and left the monkey all alone. The monkey wished to make a great hit, so he went and collected all the animals he could find in the town - dogs, cats, chickens, turkeys,

and ducks, all arrived soon, one by one.
"Walk in, walk in!" cried our monkey. "It is here that a new spectacle will charm you, gratis," he cried.

At these words every spectator seated himself, and our monkey brought the magic-lantern, and closed the blinds. Then, by a speech, made expressly for the occasion, he prepared the audience. It made them yawn, but they applauded, and contented with his success, he seized a painted glass and pushed it in the lantern; he knew how to manage it. As he pushed it in he cried: " Is there anything like it? You see the sun and all its glory, and presently you shall see the moon, and the history of Adam and Eve, see—" The spectators, in a profound darkness, strained their eyes and could see nothing. "My word!" said a cat, "the fact is, I see nothing."

"Neither do I," said a dog. All this time the modern Cicero talked on. He had forgotten but one thing; that was, to light his lantern!

Montpelier, Mount Row, Guernsey, The Channel Isles.

MY DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I do so hope this let-ter will be printed. I think "Lady Jane" is very nice indeed, and I wish the "Brownies" came every month. I take several magazines, but I don't think any of them are one bit as nice as you.

I have seen some of the bays here, but I have not been here long enough to see them all; of the ones I have seen, I like Petit Bot Bay best. I drove there once in an excursion-car — one which goes all round the island; the road is very steep, on one side is a precipice and on the other a cliff; round the last corners I did not like it much, for the four horses and axle went round before the long heavy car did! As we were driving home, the conductor told us that the Guernsey people, when they want to fatten their animals, fattened them one day and starved them the next; when you went to the market, you would see, he said, meat with a layer of lean and then a layer of fat, and so on; he said the fat came by fattening them, and the lean by starving them! I remain, your ever-devoted reader,

PHYLLIS S. C ——.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope I may never have to stop taking you. You were given me on my birthday in 1885, and I have enjoyed your pages ever since.

I send with this letter a sort of an enigma, which I made up myself. From your loving reader,
"QUEEN DAISY."

## A DAY IN THE GROVE.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean Sea) grove, one hot summer day, busily engaged with their fancy-work.

Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a

river in North America).

(The river in N. A.) said he hoped this circle of superior and charming young ladies would allow him to join them.

and charming young ladies would allow him to join them. To this they readily agreed, but said he must stop his cape on Pacific coast of N. A.); and saying that he needed refreshments, (one of the Southern States) brought him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river of Africa), and a (one of a group of islands west of North America).

After he had eaten his lunch, he commenced to tell a story of how he was chased by a (lake in British America), at which (the city in Italy) sank down in a dead faint, she was so frightened.

For a few moments there was great confusion and (cape on eastern side of North America) in the company.

But a young girl by the name of (a city in Australia) sprinkled (a city in Prussia) over her poor friend, and told the rest to keep up (cape off southern Africa).

told the rest to keep up (cape off southern Africa).

It was not long before (the city in Italy) began to recover, and (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)"; while the (river in N. A.) begged her to take a little (river in S. A.) winc. Very soon after they all started for home. On the

Very soon after they all started for home. On the way (the river in N. A.) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, but so full of (islands east of Australia) feelings was he, that he would not submit to being simply patted, but wanted to play with them.

Soon after, as they were going over some stony ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and began to cry loudly. (The Southern State) called her a (city in Hungary), but another young lady, (a city in central Europe), comforted her by promising

her a gold ring on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her and said she was (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken a (cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, returned to their several homes in (a city of New Hampshire). "QUEEN DAISY."

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Bernie B., Gertrude H., Harold A.M., Mary L. T., Lillian O. F., Harold H., Fannie M. P., Muriel P., L. B., Marion K., John M. H., E. L. S. A. B., Gertrude E. A., Guy S., Alma H., Jacqueine H., Mabel P., Edith B., Burritt S. L., Daisy McK., J. R. S., Mary A. J., Clara J., Percy F., Charlie, Mildred M. C., Bryson, Kathryn W., Ruth D., Evelyn C., Bessie B., Helen H. C., Milton S. G., E. C. P., Herbert M. L., Mabel G. M., Elsie L. S., Fannie H. and Frances T., Helen L., Edna S. P., L. B. W., Myron S., Karl B., Percy L. T., Helen P., Harry S. L., Leo W., Juliet M. K.. Geraldine G., Lillie J., Nina S. and Ina H., Ida M., Pearl M. B., May B., Kate McC., Katharine P. H., Hebe A. and Grace C., Anne B. R., Marjorie W., Charlie T., Russell C., Ade M. F., M. and W., Abigail and Alice, W. G., Sadie R. B., Murjeil E. M., Katrina A. MacM., John P. D., Bertha A. W., Kate K., Evalyn F. F., Vernon F., Mary Eleanor P., Fannie K.

# A MEAN REVENGE.



I.

"ME HATED RIVAL HAS STARTED "HE CANNOT STOP AND NOW METHINKS ON HIS SWIFT DESCENT." I 'LL BE REVENGED."

"HA, HA! PROUD JEDEDIAH SPRIGGS, I AM REVENGED!"

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FERRUARY NUMBER

PECULIAR ACROSTIC. Primals, Sordello; fourth row, Browning; finals, S. Cross-words: 1. Symbols. 2. Onerous. 3. Reforms.
4. Drawers. 5. Evinces. 6. Legions. 7. Linnets. 8. Origins.
A TRIANGLE. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 10, Candlemas.
1, W: 2 to 19, as: 3 to 18, spa: 4 to 17, helm; 5 to 16, inane; 6 to 15, normal: 7 to 14, Goulard; 8 to 13, traction; 9 to 12, orchestra;

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15, normal; 7 to 14, Goulard; 8 to 13, traction; 9 to 12, orchestra; 10 to 11, numismatic.

A NEST OF BIRDS. 1. Flycatcher. 2. Sparrow. 3. Robin. 4, Parrot. 9, Spoonbill. 10. Snowbunting. 11. Loon. 12. Whip-poor-will. 13, Kingfsher. 14, Lyre-bird. 15, Curlew. 16. Sandpiper. 17. Turkey. 18. Canvas-back duck. 19. Heron. 20. Turtledove. 21. Cockatoo. 22. Guinea-fowl. 23. Lapwing.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. E. 2. Te. 3. Lett. 4. Lent. 5. Inlet. 6. Silent. 7. Linnets. 8. Sentinel.

WORD-BUILDING, I. E. 2. Te. 3. Let. 4. Lent. 5. Inlet. 6. Silent. 7. Linnets. 8. Sentinel. WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Rover. 2. Obole. 3. Vocal. 4. Elate. S. Relet. II. 1. Niter. 2. Irene. 3. Terms. 4. Ennui. 5. Resin. A. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. From 25 to 1, Boston; 25 to 3, Bergen: 25 to 5, Bengal; 25 to 7, Bessin. 4. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE. From 25 to 1, Boston; 25 to 3, Bergen: 25 to 13, Bermen: 25 to 15, Burmah; 25 to 17, Balkan; 25 to 19, Berlin: 25 to 21, Bombay; 25 to 3, Bargor; 3 to 5, Natal; 7 to 9, Yeddo; 11 to 13, Akron: 15 to 17, Huron: 19 to 27, Nancy; 23 to 18, Bouen; 4 to 6, Etna; 8 to 10, Acre; 12 to 14, Tyre; 16 to 18, Asia; 20 to 22, Iowa; 24 to 2, Ohio.

Broken Words. First row, Longfellow; second row, Evange-line. 1. List-ens. 2. Out-vie. 3. Notion-ally. 4. Gar-net. 5. Fun-gus. 6. East-ern. 7. Lord-ling. 8. Lament-in. 9. Ope-ned. 10. Wax-end.

On the wind in February Snowflakes float still, Half inclined to turn to rain, Nipping, dripping, chill. Then the thaws swell the streams, And swollen rivers swell the sea : If the winter ever ends

How pleasant it will be. C. G. ROSSETTI.

CONNECTED WORD-QUARES, I. 1. Chat. 2. Hole. 3. Alas.

4. Test. II. 1. Slat. 2. Lama. 2. Amos. 4. Task. III. 1. Trot.

2. Rose. 3. Ossa. 4. Teak. IV. 1. Kant. 2. Aloe. 3. Noun.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Honorable. Cross-words: 1. Discharge. 2. Fagotto. 3. Runic. 4. Rod. 5. R. 6. Bat. 7. Fable. 8. Tablets. 9. Herderite.

Herderite.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas "Riddle-box," care of The Century Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the December Number were received, before December 15th, from Clare Sydney H.—
Maude E. Palmer—No name, E. Johnsbury, Vt.—M. Josephine Sherwood—"The McG.'s"—Harry Tuttle—Clara B. Orwig—L. E.
Taylor—Eloise Lloyd Derby—M. E. Hessler—Stephen O. Hawkins—C. A. M. P.—Arthur Gride—"The Wise Five"—"McGinty
and Catnip"—"Infantry"—E. M. G.—Alice L. Granbery—Emily K. Johnston—A. L. W. L.—Maud C. Maxwell—Paul Reese—
Jennie S. Liebmann—Alice Mildred Blanke and Sister—Jo and I.—Robert A. Stewart—"Bud"—Blanche and Fred—"Paganini and
Listt"—A. H. and R.—Effie K. Talboys—"A Proud Pair"—Madge Clark—Edith Sewall—Dame Durden—"Me and Unk"—
"Thida and Nardy!"—"May and "yg"—Nellie L. Howes—"Miss Flint"—A. Fiske and Co.—A. M. C.—"The Nick McNick"—
"Uncle Mung"—J. H. C. and J. A. F.—Ida C. Thallon—Gertrude L.—Edward Bancroft—"Busy Bee."

"Uncle Mung"—J. H. C. and J. A. F.—Ida C. Thallon — Gertrude L.—Edward Bancroft.—"Busy Bee."

Auswers to Puzzles in the December Number were received, before December 15th, from "Anon," 2.—"Fesion," 1.—"Nifesca," 2.— Lillian, Pearl, and Alice, 2.—Katharine B. and Katharine D., 1.—Agrees and Elinor, 5.— Marion H., 1.—E. Woodbury, 1.—"Nife and Bang," 2.—George B. Fernald, 8.—Kate W. Tibbals, 1.—Fannie and Edith Tolman, 1.—Edith L. G., 1.—Carrie S. Harmon and Hattie H. Herrick, 2.—Edythe P. J. and E. F., 2.—"Praked and Kleen," 1.—Uncle George, Aille, and Elly, 1.—Papa B., 1.—Elsaine and Grace Shirley, 2.—"Miramonte Quartette," 6.—Donald McClain, 1.—"La Zia," 4.—Rulinda M. Hough, 1.—"Tit for Tat," 1.—B. W., 3.—Adele Mathias, 7.—Mabel S. Meredith, 2.—Clara and Minnie, 6.—Alma Steiner, 1.—"Papa and 1," 3.—Elsie P. Sanderson, 1.—"Family Affair," 1.—J. F., 1.—J. B. Y., 4.—"McGinty," 1.—Emma Walton, 7.—Eleanor S., 1.—Hubert L. Bingay, 8.—E. Tracy Hall, 2.—E. H. Rossiter, 6.—"Papa, Mama, and Me," 1.—Joseph P. Davis, 3.—"Carriax," 9.—Arthur B. Lawrence, 2.—Lillie Anthony, 4.—Nellie Archer, 7.—Blanche Smith, 5.—Ethel M. Hart, 1.—H. M. C. and Co., 6.—Albert B. Himes, 6.—"Three Little Maids from School," 1.—Maude M., 1.—H. H. Francine, 4.—Carrie Thacher, 4.—Honora Swartz, 2.—"Dog and Cat," 6.—Mary H. Kirkwood, 1.—Frank C. Lincoln, 4.—C., Estelle, and Clarendon Ions, 5.—Edward Gordon, 1.—Russell Mount, 1.—Bertha W. Groesbeck, 4.—"The Nutshell," 8.—No Name, Englewood, 9.—Ed and Papa, 9.—Irene, Lottie, Mama, and May, 1.—Jennie and Miriam Bingay, 3.—"Free and Easy," 3.—Percy Thompson, 1.—Adele Walton, 8.—"The Bees," 3.—Ethel and Natale, 1.—Minnie and Janees, 7.—C. H. K., 3.—Clara and Emma, 7.—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 5.—R. M. Huntington, 6.—"Midwood, 9.—Adimene, 5.—Sissel Hunter, 6.—Minnie and Maron, 5.—Bertha M. Groesbeck, 4.—"Minnie and Banees, 7.—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 5.—R. M. Huntington, 6.—"Midwood, 9.—Adimene, 5.—Sissel Hunter, 6.—Minnie and Miram



### WORD-SOUARES.

I. 1. The French turnip. 2. The white poplar. 3. Mercenary. 4. A species of antelope. 5. Joins

II. 1. The largest size of type. 2. An African lizard. Designates. 4. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 5. Per-

taining to the nose.

III. 1. A Russian drink. 2. Oxygen in a condensed form. 3. A piece of wood driven into a wall, so that other pieces may be nailed to it. 4. A passing bell. 5. One of the Harpies. ELDRED JUNGERICH.

## HEADS AND TAILS.

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, take the first letter of the first word, the last letter of the second word, the first letter of the third, the last of the fourth, and so on, till the name of a famous traveler is

CROSS-WORDS: I. An African quadruped. 2. A bucolic. 3. Pertaining to Turkey. 4. A butcher's

5. An immense mass of ice and snow moving slowly downward. 6. To shut out. 7. A joint of the finger. 8. To be enough. 9. Mischievous. 10. A kind of cotton cloth originally brought from China. 11. Eagerness. 12. A vendue.

ANNA W. ASHHURST.

### PL.

Rof em erthe si on arerr ginth Hant, hilew eth newstir griglenin, Ot state eht snebsledess fo pgrins.

Weer hist eht snigrp, I won dushlo higs Hatt ahtug reew spetn; -tub chir ma I! Huntcoude prigsns lodgen msu thod eli.

### WORD-BUILDING.

I. A yowel. 2. A pronoun. 3. Veneration. 4. Merchandise. 5. A bet. 6. A musical composer. 7. Tiresome. 8. Irrigating. 9. Entwining. 10. Enduring. " PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

#### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the surname of a President of the United States who was born March 15; my finals spell the surname of a Southern statesman who died March 31.

CROSS-WORDS: I. Pertaining to the Jews. 2. A fleet of armed ships. 3. A letter of defiance. 4. A place mentioned in the first verse of the twentieth chapter of Genesis. 5. A valuable timber-tree of India, used for shipbuilding. 6. Mosaic gold. 7. Native carbonate of GILBERT FORREST.

## A GREEK CROSS.

I. UPPER SQUARE: I. A mountain nymph. 2. A rule. 3. A funeral oration. 4. The shield of Minerva. To align.

5. To align.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: I. Gait. 2. A governor.

The father of Medea — fomit one 3. A select body. 4. The father of Medea — (omit one letter of his name). 5. Garments.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Raiment. 2. To sur-

render. 3. A remnant of burning wood. 4. A kind of coarse basket. 5. To scatter loosely.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To spread abroad.
2. The name for modern Thebes. 3. To emulate. 4. To shun. 5. A principality of Great Britain.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To scatter. 2. A kind of food. 3. One who rides. 4. The builder of a famous wooden horse. 5. A Russian measure of length. ELDRED JUNGERICH.

## INCOMPLETE SENTENCES.

REPLACE the first group of stars by a certain word; then take a letter from this word without rearranging the letters and so form the other words indicated by stars.

the letters and so form the other words indicated by stars. Example, psalter, palter, paler.

1. John is a \*\*\*\*\* workman, and he will get \*\*\*\* making the \*\*\*\* in time, although it is a \*\*\*\*\* piece of work.

2. One of the bold \*\*\*\*\* of the Spanish main often \*\*\*\* of hitting the \*\*\*\* of his victims by giving them two \*\*\* with his club.

3. A learned \*\*\*\*\*, one of the upper caste among the Hindoos, having stated that the \*\*\*\* of a certain

ruler was composed of \* \* \* \*, he was placed under a \* \* \*.

4. A \*\*\*\*\* having been enacted to erect a the matter has been discussed enough to \* \* \* \* any one.

the matter has been discussed enough to "any one.

5. The artist's singing of the recitative "\*\*\*\*\*\*
every one; then he "\*\*\*\*\* softer strain. Being rurally inclined, the next day he "\*\*\*\* the ground,
"\*\*\* the chimney-piece, and after he had "\*\* up the horse, he went out to "\*\* some new mown hay with his brother " "

6. The old tramp will \*\*\*\*\*\* in the dirt, \*\*\*\*\* with all who will listen to him, and this he would continue to do till the \*\*\*\* of the house came off, or a high \* \* \* \* blew him away.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC.

I. BEHEAD and curtail obscurity, and leave a game. Behead and curtail to clutch, and leave to sever.
 Behead and curtail magnificent, and leave sped.
 Behead and curtail pierced, and leave a metallic substance. 5. Behead and curtail to snarl, and leave a tier. 6. Behead and curtail a fruit, and leave a light blow.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, before they are beheaded and curtailed, the six initial letters may all be found in the word Caligula, and the six final letters spell a word meaning to interfere. H. H. D.

#### HOUR-GLASS.

I. 1. PERTAINING to a great country. 2. An old saying which has obtained credit by long use. 3. To annex. 4. A Roman numeral. 5. A much used verb.

6. Surpassing. 7. Separately.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell an instrument for smoothing clothes.

II. 1. Curves. 2. To cut into thin pieces. 3. A stately poetical composition proper to be set to music or sung.

4. A Roman numeral.

5. A quadruped.

6. A ledge.

7. A weapon intended to be thrown.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell ambiguous propositions.

PEARL R. AND H. A. L.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and form a fourline verse, by Alexander Smith.

My 74-92-8-23-53-97 is to wrench. My 48-14-80-35-29 is to be conspicuous. My 66-41-5-87-63 is a valued fabric. My 94-20-12 is much used in summer. valued fabric. My 94-20-12 is much used in summer. My 31-7-85-59-51-70 is a season. My 31-68-1-76 is one of the United States. My 40-83-11-33 is at that time. My 32-89-45-37-65-19 is formerly. My 55-72-77-47-99-56 is to hate. My 10-62-25-16 is part of a clock. My 6-52-96-26-78 is double. My 43-22-38-54-67 is stately. My 49-57-84-39-86-15-73 is to make a loud noise. My 81-28-93-13-98 is struck. My 30-24-36-75-90-44 is dull. My 18-21-27-2-82-4-46-60 is oblique. My 9-34-42-64 is to twist. My 79-69-88-95 is a musical instrument, and my 50-58-91-71-7-61 is a performer on it. on it. "CORNELIA BLIMBER."



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PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAEN HANNEMAN.

IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT THE HAGUE.

(ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON.)